







# FIFTY YEARS ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

BY

REV. ELISHA B. SHERWOOD, D. D.

*President of the Board of Trustees of Park College.*

INTRODUCTION BY REV. GEO. P. HAYS, D. D. LL.D.



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## PREFACE.

This book is not meant as a display of what has been called "autobiographical egotism." It is intended for a tribute to the amazing grace of God working through me as His servant. It was verily a place on the "Skirmish Line" to which I was appointed, and for more than fifty years work has pressed upon me and God has blessed me in doing it. There are many still living in whose memories the events here recorded are fresh; they may be helped by the telling of the story. My recent years have thrown me into close connection with a large body of young people who are entering upon life. If this book shall teach them courage and confidence in God, and make them more efficient soul-winners, it will well repay the labor of its preparation. Already in my eighty-third year, the call to a higher service cannot be long delayed. All this earth-life has been worth while. Souls are worth winning. The Gospel is worth preaching. It is worth while to labor tirelessly. The nearer one gets to the throne the less one counts the hardness which a good soldier must endure.

## PREFACE

The manuscript was read and the proofs were revised by my young friend, Rev. Cleland B. McAfee, Professor of Mental and Moral Science in Park College. This assistance, with that rendered so kindly by others, is very gratefully acknowledged.

Elisha B. Sherwood.

St. Joseph Mo., June 30th, 1893.

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## INTRODUCTION.

Biographies are generally written of people whose record is remarkable. Most of us have not had remarkable histories. To some extent this is due to providential facts. We were not given remarkable talents, and have not exercised any remarkable diligence nor self-sacrifice. Success is often due to opportunity. Sometimes success is forced by ability to make opportunities. Our part is to improve by wise use such opportunities as Providence allots to us. We are not held responsible for the employment of such things as Providence has seen fit to withhold from us; though others may have them. We have here a biography of one whose opportunities were those of common men. That he did a great work, was due to special activity in making effective use of daily opportunities. It is not an easy thing to be content with common life, and set ourselves to make it great by the greatness of the results. But greatness is not an absolute quality to be measured by the yardstick like a man's stature. Greatness is a comparison between opportunity and attainment. Gen. Scott was developed by the war of 1812, and Gen.

Grant by the war of 1861. There may have been great generals between times, but, thank God, there were no wars. There are always sinners and mission fields and conversions and preachers. Adaptation to the work at hand, enables an earnest man to do a great work in any community. Dr. Sherwood succeeded in New York, very much as he did in Missouri.

Circumstances change and fields have their peculiarities; but human nature and divine grace do not materially vary.

I like to read of these lives which are spent in steady work. We cannot all be pioneer foreign missionaries like Carey, nor pioneer home missionaries like Sherwood; for foreign missions have been reduced to a system, the Bible is being rapidly translated into all languages, and there is no longer any Great American Desert, nor farthest border frontier in the West.

The work now is building up the Churches these pioneers have planted, and watching new fields grow up between the towns. To compact and energize churches and presbyteries—to educate and guide growing Christians—to encourage needed churches and discourage numerous needless enterprises; and all this without offending unwise good people, will require as much tact as did the early tasks. But the study of the difficulties of these

early tasks, and a re-survey of the way these difficulties were overcome, will fit us for a careful estimate of the real perplexities of our own times, and will suggest good plans of applying the gospel to modern problems.

The high esteem in which Brother Sherwood is held by his brethren is justified by his record, and is explained here to those who have not known his early work of laying foundations. This book will teach its readers to value aright the labors of the early workers—to love their Church as admirably adapted to pioneer work, and capable of evangelizing the most unpromising fields of any country or city. Presbyterianism is sometimes disparaged as unsuitable to hard places. So it is, for as soon as it comes into a hard place the place begins to improve, and if Presbyterianism continues to work, the field becomes attractive. Then those who forget the transformation which has been wrought, wonder why Presbyterians always pick out such good fields. Readers here will find that the goodness of the field is the result of the work. The fields were discouraging enough when the work was begun, but the reward of the toil was manifest in the Garden of the Lord.

We cannot read of those early revivals without wishing to see them once more. But it may be true, that in that day of few churches or preachers,

amid sparse populations, more serious young people came to years of maturity unconverted, than are to be found in these days of Sabbath Schools, Young People's Endeavor Societies and regular means of grace. The children's sacraments of circumcision and baptism would indicate that God's plan for His church in settled times was *always* for family religion descending through the generations. The woodsmen had fine times cutting down big trees, and blasting out big rocks. It took more strength and skill to plow among old stumps and stones, than it does to cut a clean furrow quite across a cultivated field; but there may be better crops in this latter case. It is the resulting crop of ripened grain that we seek; and if God gives that by dews and showers and sunshine, we may well be content if there are not thunder-storms and floods. Nevertheless we prefer to read of the great motions of the heavens, and we long to see the spiritual heavens all flashing with the lightning of the divine power.

So this book should have interest, instruction, and encouragement for all. May God raise up more men with such a personal history and such experiences of good seed-sowing.

Geo. P. Hays,  
2nd Pres. Church, Kansas City, Mo.



# FIFTY YEARS ON THE SKIRMISH LINE

## CHAPTER I.

### PARENTAGE AND YOUTH.

As I began my theological studies in 1835 I dropped into diary writing and in years that have intervened have filled some two hundred and seventy pages of foolscap with the events and items that I have noted from day to day and from year to year, therefore I believe that I can better arrange these facts and give to my friends a more satisfactory record than any one coming after me.

I was born in Fairfield, Franklin county, Vermont, on the 15th of April, 1810. My parents were John Sherwood, son of Nathan Sherwood and Joanna Noble. My mother was Lucy Barber, daughter of Judge Elisha Barber, and Elizabeth Adams. In February, 1815, my parents removed to Phelps, Ontario Co, N. Y., where my father purchased a farm near the village of Orleans. It was here in my seventh year that I received my first religious impressions. I had with neighbor-

ing boys spent the Sabbath at Clifton Springs. On returning home my mother took me to her room and inquired where I had spent the Sabbath. I told her about our visit to the springs. She told me I had been a naughty boy and sinned against God. I asked her why I could not do as other boys did. Her answer was, "You are God's child. The first time I attended church after your birth I took you with me and gave you to God and you were baptised as God's child by my minister in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, and you are God's child. You must not sin against Him again." This instruction gave me an understanding of my relation to God and has exercised a controlling influence upon my life. It led me to my Savior and into the ministry, and has imparted to me a moral courage that has sustained me in a ministry of more than fifty years.

In the winter of 1819, my father exchanged the property he had in Phelps for uncultivated lands in what was then known as the Genesee Country, which very soon became Orleans County. The country was dotted with here and there a settlement. Log school houses were the only public buildings for schools and religious meetings. One day the Rev. Alanson Darwin, a Presbyterian minister from Riga, Monroe County, N. Y., whose heart was stirred within him to do something for

the good of the scattered members of the Presbyterian Church, rode up to our door; and said he would preach to the people of that settlement, if there was a house whose doors were open for such objects. My mother told him her house was at his service; furthermore, she would send her boys out, and invite the people to come and hear the stranger. Then and there commenced my home missionary work. I little thought it was the first lesson in what was to be the greater part of my life's work.

My advantages for education until I was sixteen years old, were such as the new settlements could provide, and log school houses furnished. In 1826 our school district erected a frame school house, which was used for religious meetings, as well as for schools. With a better school house, we had better school teachers, of whom I could avail myself four months each year. The remaining months were given to work on the new farm. Six months of my eighteenth year I attended the Gaines High School taught by a Mr. Gazley, who did for the youth of Orleans county a great and good work. It was in these months my desire was awakened for an education. The next winter I taught a district school in the western portion of our township. Here I learned the truth of that old saw, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

The winter of 1830, I again attended Gaines High School. The following winter, I taught the west Gaines district school. It was a pleasant community, but filled with lovers of vain amusements. I entered into a full participation of these pleasures, until about the middle of February, 1831. On returning home on Saturday evening, I found a revival of religion in progress in the church and community. Two of my sisters and two younger brothers had experienced a great change. They had give themselves to Christ and his work. They had found a Savior. These facts troubled me. I attended the meeting that night. What I saw and heard troubled me more. I bore up under my feelings as best I could, over the Sabbath. I made my arrangements to leave early for my school, on Monday morning. As I was about leaving, I met my dear mother whose eyes were red with weeping. I would have avoided her, if there had been any way, but I saw it was of no use to try. She took me by the hand lest I might slip away from her. I listened to her tearful words. She pressed me to attend to the one thing needful, then and there. I said: "Mother, I have an engagement to attend a dancing party this week. I cannot break it." As we parted that morning, she remarked, "If you will dance, remember that I shall pray for you." Her prayers took all the



pleasure out of that dance, and made me loathe the whole thing. Then and there, I lost all love or desire for the dance hall. During that week my mind often recurred to what might be going on in that revival service of religion. On returning home the next Saturday night, I found the revival widening and deepening. I went with the family to the meeting. I had a seat beside a young friend. As the minister announced the order of the meeting, I whispered to my friend: "They will not convert any one to night, for they have gone to work by the square rule." The meeting proceeded as announced by the minister. He offered what was to be the closing prayer. But it was not to be the close of that meeting. As he closed, the Holy Spirit moved my brother Guy to follow in prayer, that was indited of the Spirit, who gave him such utterance that all felt that he was taught of God. That prayer went through me like a shock of electricity. Before he closed, I was as helpless as an infant child. I could not sit on the seat, and lay down upon it. At the close of my brother's prayer Elder Chester Frost came to me and taking me by the hand, asked me if he should pray for me. I said "Yes." He knelt beside the seat. I fell from the seat and dropped on my knees, and gave myself to the Lord Jesus Christ to be his servant. The next morning I heard for

the first time with an understanding heart the blessed gospel from a strange minister. Old things had passed away and all were new to me. I had passed from darkness into light, from death in sin, to a new life in Christ Jesus.

On Monday morning I returned to my school which was near its close and finished the term and returned with great delight to the revival meetings. Everything was new to me. I saw men as trees walking. I remained in that state for a number of days. I had taken my stand for Christ; but I had not the witness of my acceptance. One day I was in the grain barn at work. There was a pause for some time in the business of the hour. I stepped back into a retired part of the barn, leaned up against the side, and uttered in a whisper tone, "O Lord Jesus! So reveal thyself to me that I may know thou hast accepted the consecration I have made of myself to thee." While I was praying, the Holy Ghost was shed abroad in my heart until I was filled with joy. I began to praise God in song and sang everything I could call to remembrance. "Jesus all the day long was the joy of my song." From that hour I have never doubted that God heard and answered my prayer. Another thing I never doubted, that the soul who does receive, believe and confess the Lord Jesus Christ is "sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise

which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession." From that blest moment when I felt the sealing witness of the Holy Spirit upon me, I was deeply impressed with the awful condition of those who are living without God and without hope. Then came home to me my duty to rescue the perishing and to seek and save the lost. I then asked God to use me in that work and in this way permit me to undo some of the evil of my sinful life.

I lost my interest in the farm and business generally. No place was so enjoyable to me as the one where sinners were repenting and turning to the Lord, seeking the salvation of their souls. I united with the church at Millville, N. Y., on the first Sabbath in April, 1831, with three of my sisters and three of my brothers. What a joy to our dear mother to know that her prayers had been heard for her children, and that she was permitted to see them at that April communion season, confessing Christ before their associates! I continued on the farm with father and my brothers; each brother had his specific work. Mine was breaking fallow ground. This year my work was on one of the out farms, and near a grove of timber. In the timber there was a quiet retreat to which I was wont to retire, while my team was resting. In that wooded retreat my life work was settled. At

evening I found a closet in the grain barn. Both became hallowed to me. In them I experienced that transforming power which was making me a new creature in Christ Jesus. The busy season on the farm was over, the question for the future came up for settlement. The Holy Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I must leave the farm and give myself to a preparation to preach the gospel. This was strongly opposed by my father and a large circle of relatives. My mother encouraged me to follow my convictions of duty.

My father offered me an out farm of 80 acres of choice land under good improvement if I would stay with him and help him locate the other brothers as they came to the age of twenty-one years. I thanked him for his offer but assured him duty pointed to the ministry. He said I must throw myself on my own resources. I tried to throw myself upon God's promises. A good school opened to me for the winter. I taught it. At the close of that school I gathered what resources I could and prepared to leave all and follow where duty led.

## CHAPTER II.

### STUDENT LIFE.

In the fall of 1831, there was opened in the city of Rochester, N. Y., a manual labor school where young men, by three or four hours labor per day, could pay their board. Tuition was provided for by the benevolence of some gentlemen in the city. Thrown upon my own resources, I had to find a school where I could pay expenses. I was cordially received into the Manual Labor School. My department of labor was making flour barrels, which I took to very quickly. My studies were the Latin Grammar and Reader, Algebra and English branches. The Rev. Dr. William Wisner was at that time pastor of the Second Presbyterian, afterward known as the Brick Church. This church was the home of most of the students, and there I put my church letter and joined its Sabbath School. I was very soon invited to become a teacher in a colored Sabbath School. They gave me a class of boys in whom I took much pleasure. Our Manual Labor School ran along very pleasantly until that dreaded scourge, the Asiatic

cholera, made its appearance in the month of September, when the school was scattered. I left Rochester for Geneva which was spared that fatal plague. I entered the preparatory school of Dr. Squires and remained there until the frost of autumn had purified the atmosphere, when I returned to Rochester and entered the college institute under the care of Dr. Morgan and Miss Mary Allen, adding Greek to my other studies. I remained in Rochester during the remainder of 1832 and 1833, which were very effective in mental discipline. I overstudied and brought on a rush of blood to the brain. This with dyspepsia caused me to leave study for a time and return home. I resorted to physicians for medical treatment. The more I came to know of doctors, the more I learned that they did not take much of their own medicines. Consequently I came to the conclusion that what was not good for the doctors was not good for me. Instead of dosing with drugs, I began a careful study of myself. I learned what food agreed with me and what did not, what quieted my system, and what unduly excited it. I also learned the relation between my physical and intellectual system, and the relation of both to my spiritual nature. The discipline that I passed through in acquiring this knowledge was a painful one, yet its benefits to me have been above all price. For the want of

this knowledge, there are more failures in the various professions of life than from any other one cause. Solomon says that "he that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

I gave the most of the year 1834 to the acquisition of that knowledge which enable me to rule my own spirit. With this acquisition, came the question, What shall I do? Shall I with my shattered health and limited finances attempt a full college course or with what discipline I have, enter a theological seminary, and there take a full course? I took this question to my Heavenly Father, and asked Him for that wisdom which would enable me to decide it. I decided to go to the Lane Theological Seminary. On the 15th of October, 1834, I left for Lane Seminary by way of Buffalo; from Lake Erie to Cleveland, from Cleveland to Wellsville by stage and from there by the Ohio river to Cincinnati. I was cordially welcomed by the faculty, including Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., Professor of Theology, Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism, and Professor Biggs of Church History. I entered the only theological class in the seminary at that time. There were in this class Henry Ward and Charles Beecher, Robert Stanton and others. I was assigned a room and took board in the board-



ing department of the seminary, and entered upon the studies of the class with moderation. From that time the darkness that had been over me disappeared; light shone upon my pathway. The Lord provided for all my temporal and spiritual wants. I put my letter into the Second Presbyterian church of which Dr. Beecher was pastor, and began to feel at home in my new relations. I fell into the daily round of student life. Soon outside work opened, the superintendency of a Sabbath School on the Kentucky side of the river at Covington. The seminary duties became more engrossing as days and weeks multiplied. Thus we passed until near the close of the seminary year when I chanced to meet an acquaintance whom I made at Rochester, N. Y., in 1832, who informed me of the provision for a theological school at Oberlin, Ohio, with the Rev. Charles G. Finney as Professor of Theology, and a full equipment of professors for the thorough training of young men for the ministry. He told me also Mr. John Rankin of New York City would pay the expenses of those who wished to leave Lane for Oberlin. While highly regarding the Lane Faculty for their kindness to me, I was not in sympathy with the leading students of our class, and longing for what I knew I should find at Oberlin, I asked the faculty of Lane to give me a letter of my standing in my

class. They very frankly gave me the letter asked for. On the 19th of May, 1835, I took passage on a steamboat for Wellsville, and from there across the state of Ohio, by stage, to Cleveland; thence to Oberlin.

On reaching Oberlin, I found the rush of students so great, there was no place to lay my head or even to leave my trunk. We had to wait until temporary rooms could be provided. During the fitting up of our rooms I dropped down the lake and spent two weeks at home. On returning to Oberlin I found the temporary rooms ready; but there must be three in a room, and three in a bed. With such accommodations a class of sixteen young men entered upon our theological studies with the Rev. Charles G. Finney as Professor of Theology. Rev. John Morgan, Professor of the New Testament Scriptures, Professor John P. Cowles of the Old Testament Scriptures, and the Rev. Henry Cowles, Professor of Church History. Rev. Asa Mahan was President of the college. All these men were in their prime and each strong in the position they had been called to fill. Here there was a full fledged Christian College and theological seminary moving into full work, well equipped amid the forest of Lorraine County, Ohio, where the first tree was cut down and the first field opened but two years before. The college and Theological Semi-

nary were planted for Christian and evangelical purposes, therefore our faculty were anxious to have their students make proof of the power of their doctrines to evangelize and Christianize the surrounding population. Consequently the students were expected to respond to any calls they had from surrounding towns. I had not been in Oberlin two months when I was invited to visit Rochester, Loraine Co., Ohio, and conduct a service on the Sabbath. I rode twelve miles on horseback. Found a log school house with a clay floor, slab seats, and a door hung on wooden hinges that announced the entrance of every attendant. We had a good audience to whom I gave my first home missionary address. They invited me to return in two weeks. I did so; and continued my visits alternate weeks until members sufficient to organize a church asked that organization be given them. A church was formed and a supply was secured and I was at liberty to take another vacancy. Soon there came a man from Ridgeville, a town adjoining the county seat, and stated his case, and asked for a volunteer to go and hold meetings in a town that had driven out every minister that had attempted to hold meetings there for the last two years. I accepted the invitation, and the man was to announce service for the next Sabbath. I went over on Saturday evening.

Sabbath morning we met at the little church where I talked to six adults and some children. I gave notice of a meeting at four o'clock, and took recess for dinner. As I went to my place for dinner, I passed two hotels around which I counted forty men. At 4 P. M. we had twenty adults, and some tears which encouraged me to leave an appointment to return in two weeks. At this meeting we had a fair audience. Arrangements were made to continue meetings on alternate Sabbaths. I found there a small church in the midst of the boldest infidels that I have encountered in a ministry of over fifty years. I held services in their church mornings and afternoons; and at nights in their school house. God blessed our efforts. Backsliders were reclaimed; their children were converted. A revival of religion began. We thought best to call in a minister and have the ordinances administered to this oppressed church. The time was fixed. Saturday preceding we held a preparatory meeting. Five persons came forward and asked to join the church. They were examined and accepted. We made arrangements for the reception of the new members and for the Lord's supper, and a prayer meeting at nine o'clock, A. M. The news went out from the Saturday meeting what had been done. The infidels got together and said: "This revival matter must be stopped

*now.*" They gathered what cattle there were feeding on the grass in the plot of the town and drove them into the meeting house, opened the Bible and put into it a handful of salt and shut in the cattle and left them there! On reaching the church the next morning for the prayer meeting appointed for nine o'clock, you can judge in what condition we found it. The question was asked me, "What can we do." I answered, "There is but one thing to do: clean out this house. You that have shovels, mops, and pails bring them as quick as you can." The house was cleaned up and ready for the regular service at 11 o'clock. The Holy Spirit was with us in great power. The members were received. The sacraments were administered. The banner of the cross of Jesus was flung to the breeze, and has floated in triumph in Ridgeville ever since. We organized a Sabbath School, our congregations increased steadily, converts were from time to time received. I continued my labors until my graduation from Oberlin. During this time I encountered the most determined opposition that I have met in my long ministry. It was there I learned not to fear hard cases nor shun hard places. The great Head of the church was schooling me for my life's work. It was there that the Holy Spirit revealed Himself to me. I was conscious of His indwelling power which carried me beyond my-

self, enabling me so to preach the gospel that infidelity quailed before the simple presentation of Christ crucified, the only hope of the lost soul.

Almost the entire region of country at this time was without suitable houses of worship. To meet this state of destitution, Prof. Finney sent to New York City for a tent that would hold 1,200 to 1,500, for holding meetings in the destitute towns. The tent was furnished by friends in New York and came on in August. It was thought best to give the theological class a short vacation that they might prove the gospel the power of God unto salvation. They were to go out and spread the new tent in Dover, a growing town which was readily accessible from surrounding towns. We held meetings daytimes and at night scattered out to hold meetings in surrounding towns in their school houses, wake up the people to the subject of religion and gather them with us at the tent the next day. It was so ordered that I went at night to the town of Avon that joined Ridgeville on the north. There had settled a colony of English families with an organized Congregational Church, and a pastor by the name of Sadd. He was anxious that I should talk to his people from night to night, as long as the tent meeting continued. When the tent meetings closed, the interest in Avon had become so great that it was thought best



for me to remain in Avon and do what I could in directing anxious souls to Christ. I realized in some measure what it was to stand between the living and the dead. At one of the week day afternoon meetings, after singing, I asked if there were any present who desired special prayer for themselves. There arose one of the principal men of the town, and said: "Do pray for me." Then another leading man in the town who seemed very much in earnest. Then a lady came and knelt in deep emotion at the table where the pastor and myself were sitting. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" she cried. The pastor turned to me and said: "What shall we do?" I gently laid my hand on his shoulder, and said, "Stand still and see the salvation of God." There passed through that audience an awful sense of the presence of the Holy One. Prayers were offered and answered for those that had asked prayer. At that meeting the waters of life were unsealed and the life giving stream flowed from house to house and from heart to heart until about one hundred drank of the living waters within the next two weeks. The entire township felt its quickening power. From after visits made there I learned of its genuine and vitalizing power, and of God's saving grace to that dear people.

We returned from our vacation of work to sys-

tematic study of theology, to Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New Testament. These were golden, happy days that passed too quickly through the years of 1835 and '36, and brought us to the time when we had completed the curriculum of study and passed through a critical examination of the studies of the senior year.

Wednesday the 14th of September, 1836, was our graduation day. The forenoon was given to Professors Henry and John P. Cowles. The exercises were held in the tent. The afternoon was given to our class, the first to graduate from Oberlin. I was the second speaker. The audience said the class honored the professors who had instructed them.

On Thursday the 15th of September, the Western Reserve Association, a Congregational body, met at Oberlin, and decided to grant ordination to those candidates who were intending to labor without their bounds. Six candidates came before them and asked ordination, to wit: John W. Alvord, John T. Pierce, Hiram Wilson, William Putman, Charles W. Gurney and Elisha B. Sherwood. After the examination on personal piety the association adjourned until Friday morning at eight o'clock.

The association met at eight o'clock Friday morning, and proceeded with the examination of



the candidates for ordination. Their examination was sustained and arrangements were made for ordination to the ministry of the gospel. President Rev. Asa Mahan preached the sermon from Gal. 5:1, "Be ye followers of God as dear children." The ordaining prayer was offered by the moderator of the association, Rev. Mr. Rockwell. The charge to the candidates by the Rev. John Keep D.D. right hand of fellowship was extended by the Rev. Prof. John P. Cowles. The services were solemn and impressive throughout. In my diary of Sept. 16th, 1836 is the following:

"O! Thou who hath said, Go preach my gospel, go teach all nations, open before me that door where I can be the most useful and my labors the most effectual for the salvation of souls. I ask not the riches nor the honors of this world. I do desire to honor the Lord Jesus Christ and trust Him to give me souls for my hire, food and raiment for the body, and a place in His kingdom where I may praise Him through all eternity that He has counted me worthy to enter the ministry of the gospel."

Before our class separated we agreed to return to Oberlin the next summer and attend a full course of lectures on pastoral theology to be given by Prof. Finney.

On the 21st of September, in company with Prof. Dascomb and wife, I left Oberlin for my home

in Millville, Orleans Co., N. Y., reaching there on the 24th. Had a warm welcome. On the Sabbath following I preached morning and night at Millville to more of my relatives than I have ever been permitted to address since. I gave the following week to visiting relatives and friends. The next week my sister Jané was married to Mr. John C. Cheesman, who after marriage became a physician, raised a family of five sons and one daughter. One of the sons became a useful minister of the gospel but died early. Two of them are successful dentists. One is a physician and one a lawyer. The daughter married a physician. My sister was a noble Christian mother, and sleeps beside her mother in the old cemetery given by father in the year 1821.

The second Sabbath in October, 1836, I assisted my young friend Joel Potter a licentiate who was supplying the Lyndonville church of Niagara Presbytery. At a communion season I preached for him, and for the first time administered baptism and served our Lord's table, after receiving five members to the church. This was the first meeting with Bro. Potter since we commenced the study of Latin together. We had grown up together and were converted in the same revival of religion. He was a good man. He died early.

During the latter part of October, I was invited to

supply the Congregational church at Riga, Monroe Co., N. Y., until the time of return to Oberlin next summer. I accepted the invitation and entered upon my work there. I took board with an aged couple who had divided their farm with an only son who had built a house on the opposite side of the road. The wife of the son was an interesting Christian, who enjoyed meetings. About the middle of December she was taken suddenly ill. Her case assumed an alarming aspect, soon all hope was abandoned. She had called her husband to her bedside and given him her dying charge for the two bright sons she was leaving. She lay back upon her pillow, after a few minutes she exclaimed: "Oh, what beautiful music! Don't you hear it?"

We did not, but Mrs. Little did. What a glow of delight illuminated her countenance! She had reached the Beulah land. There was glory in her soul. Oh, such a death! It seemed as if there was a full company of ministering spirits waiting to convey her spirit to the mansions of the blessed. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!

As I stand on the departing verge of 1836, I can truly say that it has been the most important year of my life. The Lord has prospered me in all that I have put hand to. A year of increase in Bible knowledge, of faith in God, of communion with Him. My health has been almost perfect, temporal wants

have all been supplied. I found it better to trust God than men. The Lord has led me through my studies and laid upon me the responsibilities of a minister of the Gospel.

January 1st, 1837. Preached on our stewardship. Ordained Nelson A. Frost, deacon. Administered the Lord's supper for the first time to the Riga church. Married my first couple on Monday morning, Mr. John Philips to Miss Caroline Thompson, one of Riga's best girls.

Left immediately for Darien, Genesee county. Stopped with the Rev. Truman Baldwin, whose eldest daughter I was to marry the next evening. The day set for our nuptials was very stormy, the wind drifting snow so that the road was nearly impassable, thereby shutting off the attendance of my brothers and sisters from our wedding. At seven P. M. I was married to Miss Aurelia Munson Baldwin, by her father, Rev. Truman Baldwin. After the guests withdrew, my father-in-law welcomed me to his family in a formal yet affectionate and tender speech. I found I had connected myself with a large circle of ministerial families. The storm abated in time for us to meet our Sabbath services. I found in the minister's daughter an excellent minister's wife, who had been to her father a great help, therefore trained in the duties expected of her.

We moved on in the usual duties of a supply. As the roads became settled, I suggested to the congregation a plan for a general visitation of all the families in that part of the township in which Riga church was located. The congregation adopted my suggestions, and the result brought quite an addition to the congregation during my stay among them. I remained until some time in May and then made my arrangements to return to Oberlin for instruction in pastoral theology. After spending a few days with friends, we left for Oberlin. On reaching Lockport, N. Y., I met there Rev. Gilbert Crawford, the pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Lockport, who informed me that the Presbyterian church of Wilson of the Presbytery of Niagara were anxious to have me visit them. He asked me to remain over the Sabbath and drive down with his horse and buggy and spend the Sabbath at Wilson. This looked like a providential opening. Therefore I accepted his offer and drove down to see the people that were ambitious to see me. We were cordially received. I preached to them on the Sabbath. They extended a call to me to return to them and become their pastor after I had been through the course of pastoral theology. We returned to Lockport on Monday and resumed our journey to Oberlin, which we reached in due time and I took

up the study of those things that six months' experience had taught me I needed. On the 6th of July, Prof. Finney gave us his introductory lecture to his course on pastoral theology, followed with thirty lectures embodying his rich experience, his sanctified common sense, enforced by the teachings of God's word, and pressed down upon our hearts by his fervent prayers. Toward the close of this course he came into the class room with an expression of countenance that betokened there was an unusual pressure upon him. He knelt, which was his usual posture in prayer with the class, and began thus: "Oh Lord! here is a class of young ministers that are soon to leave us. Save them from being parrot preachers! May they know by blessed experience the power and excellence of the gospel they preach." He began to weep. He prayed and wept until the room was a Bochim. At the end of a half hour, he arose, looked at his watch and remarked, "Young gentlemen, I feel more like praying than talking and perhaps you sympathize with me. Let some one lead in prayer." The hour was filled up with prayers. It was the richest hour of all my theological course. It was an hour that brought with it the enduring power of the Holy Spirit fitting us to be witnesses to the power of the Gospel. Oh, that every candidate for the ministry might enjoy such an hour,

the Holy Ghost resting upon him, imparting to him a tongue of fire, that will set on fire his hearers until they realize that their bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. Herein lay Prof. Finney's great power over men. He knew parrot preachers might very eloquently repeat what they had heard, yet no soul be saved. Prof. Finney held that soul-saving was the great work of every minister of Christ's gospel. He says He came to seek and save the lost.

These lectures ran over into August. The time spent hearing them was well employed. This instruction was the most valuable of any course in my whole study. During this course the class met twice a week for special prayer and free conversation on experimental religion. By these meetings I was greatly strengthened and enlightened and drawn nearer my Savior and given a better understanding of His offices and what He will do for them who only trust Him.



## CHAPTER III.

### WORK IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

We left Oberlin about the middle of September and went direct to Wilson, where the door opened to us without seeking or asking. Circumstances seemed to indicate that Wilson was the place where God would have us labor. I entered upon work there on the last Sabbath of September, 1837. The township of Wilson bordered on Lake Ontario on the north. The village of Wilson was a short half mile south from the lake. Twelve Mile creek emptied into the lake at this point. On this creek the Wilsons had erected mills in the early settlement of the town. Around these mills a village sprung up. The Presbyterians had built their church there. They had been organized twelve years and had not been without meetings on the Sabbath for all these years extraordinaries excepted. It was organized with only six members and these all in one family: Mr. John Holmes and wife, Daniel Holmes and wife, Mr. Crosby and wife, daughter of John Holmes. These families had been thoroughly trained in the doctrines and usages of the Presbyterian church.



They organized for work. Consequently they gave notice of a meeting, and invited their neighbors and families to meet with them. The people came out. Mr. John Holmes was an elder in the church he had left in Saratoga Co., N. Y. His son, Daniel, was made an elder at the organization of their church. The people looked around for the preacher. Elder John Holmes opened the meeting by reading a hymn. An extemporized choir sang the hymn. He then read a portion of scripture and offered prayer. Another hymn was given out and sung. Then elder Daniel Holmes came forward with a sermon-book and read a sermon. Another prayer was offered to God, they sang the doxology, and were dismissed after a meeting for the next Sabbath was announced. In this way meetings were kept up from year to year when there was no minister to preach to them.

In due time a Sabbath school was added to the reading and prayer meetings. The people who loved meetings soon learned where to go on the Sabbath. Their congregation increased. God gave them a spirit of prayer. Backsliders returned to duty; anxious ones began to enquire what they should do to be saved. They sent for a minister to come and gather in the fruits of their reading meetings. These fruits of faithful labor strengthened their faith and they worked on. When they

called me to be their pastor, they had a church house, and a parsonage and were ready to co-operate with me. A salary was pledged for my support. I was greatly encouraged that God opened, unsought, such a field to me. God lifted upon me the light of His countenance as I entered into this field. He opened the scriptures to me. From them I derived much comfort. The Lord gave me liberty in preaching. The word was quick and powerful to both Christians and careless sinners. Backsliders began to confess their sins and return to duty. The church came gradually up to their duty. South of the parsonage three miles, the people of that school district had completed a new frame school house. They came to me and asked me if I would not come up and hold some meetings in their new house before the commencement of their winter school. I consulted with the elders who thought best to accept the invitation. We made our arrangements accordingly, and sent an appointment for an evening meeting. One of my elders went with me to the first meeting. The people of the district were there; we had a good meeting and I made appointment for the afternoon and evening of the next day. There was a good interest in both meetings. I repeated the same appointments for next day. There were a good many out in the afternoon. As I dismissed the afternoon meeting

and they left, I turned the key on the door and shut myself in with God, and wrestled in prayer until near time for the evening service. I seemed to sink into the atonement of Christ as I had never before, and the love of Christ welled up and filled me with a fulness that carried me out of myself. I realize what the apostle meant when he said, "Christ in me full of glory." That night God gave me a message that seemed to unseal the waters of life to that congregation. Three persons drank of the living waters that Christ gave them. Conviction took hold on all classes in that school district and many of them sought the Savior and found Him the joy of their lives. We held on some two weeks. A number of families joined our church.

On the first day of January, 1838, we held a meeting at our church. There came down to the night meeting a sleigh load of young people from Cambria to attend that meeting. In the company there was a Miss Baker, who got up the party; was led to Christ that night; and made a confession of having experienced forgiveness of her sins, before her associates, ere she left the church. There were three others who experienced the same blessing in that meeting. Some six months after I was sent for, to visit Miss Baker. I was shown to her sick-room. As I took a seat near her bed, she said: "Mr. Sherwood, I am near the close of my

young life. I felt that I could not leave this world without seeing you, and telling you what a blessing you have been to me, in preparing me for this sick-bed, and what is just before me." She then related how she was moved upon to get up that sleigh load, and that I should preach the sermon I did and that she then gave herself to Christ and had the evidence of her acceptance and went home a new creature in Christ Jesus. Then she was in good health with as reasonable a prospect of life as any of her companions. "How good God was to prepare me in health for my dying hour!" Blessed was the chamber where I met Miss Baker. I read God's word to her, sang a hymn, prayed with her, commending her to the Savior, then parted with her to meet her where there will be no dying.

The influence of the meeting in that school house had awakened a desire for a meeting in a school house three miles east of the village of Wilson. About the middle of January, 1838, we began a meeting at this school house. The interest from the first meeting to the last rose with the members of the church. In the same proportion did conviction take hold upon the impenitent. Christians wept over dying men and sinners trembled in view of coming wrath. Christians were humbled in the dust, the most hardened bowed before the mighty power of grace in Christ. The roads became so

muddy that horse teams could not bring out the people. They put on oxen and wallowed through the mud night after night. We continued the meetings for two weeks. Those weeks will never be forgotten by those who participated in those hallowed scenes.

During the month of February we began a meeting in a school house some three miles north-west of the village, where the fires of an old distillery destroyed all moral feeling. For example, I found a sick boy in a family who thought themselves respectable, who at the age of twelve years had never heard of Jesus Christ. On preaching to them a few nights, conscience awakened under the power of the Holy Spirit; backsliders repented and confessed their sins; stumbling blocks were taken away and some conversions were the fruits. Great good was done in removing prejudice, silencing opposition and sowing the seeds of gospel truth which in after years sprung up and brought forth fruit unto eternal life. While this meeting was in progress I received a letter saying that my eldest sister, Mrs. Foot, was rapidly sickening under the influence of an incurable disease. I left all to visit her. I found on my arrival at my father's, that his mother, my grandmother, aged 86 years, had died the night before. I attended her funeral with other members of the family. I found my dear sister

very low, yet in full possession of all her faculties. It devolved upon me to do what ought to have been done some time before, to inform her that her end was not far off. A great tear gathered in her eye. She wiped it away, and gave herself to arranging her things for her departure. She was the first among the children of the family to take her stand for Christ, and had adorned her profession with a consecrated life. I remained with her two days. Then took my leave of her until we meet where there are no farewells. On my return from this mournful visit, we commenced a series of meetings in the church at the village which was continued every evening for two weeks. We had set back-fires on three sides of the village. We thought the time had come to kindle one in the village. God bowed the heavens and came down, and exalted His own cause. He gave me great help in preaching the word. He gave the church a spirit of prayer, and steadfast faith. Sinners were converted and the church was greatly edified and strengthened; infidelity was shaken, much prejudice was removed. Long let the church of Wilson praise God for what He did for them at this meeting! On the first Sabbath in April twenty-four were received on confession of their faith. Thirteen were baptised. I began now to instruct the church in doctrine and duty and to



feed the lambs. The revival spirit abode with us. Every communion season added more or less to the roll of the church.

On the twelfth of September, my wife gave birth to our first child, a daughter. She bore the name of her two aunts, Margaret Elizabeth. She was a lovely child.

In November of this year we took possession of the parsonage at the village, which our people erected out of the proceeds of the one they owned two miles in the country. The Lord had given us great favor with this people. They did nobly in providing for our comfort among them. The year 1838 was one of the right hand of the Most High. Long let the church of Wilson celebrate it! ,

For outside work on our field we took school districts lying in different directions from the village from those we worked last year. They were districts in which there was not a family altar, nor a member of our church. We began by visiting day times and preaching nights. In our visits we passed no families. We talked with parents and children. God put the seal of His approbation upon our efforts. The eldership came to our help. Conviction took hold of leading families. They sought and found salvation. They began to instruct their children. Quite a number of families came into the church from these efforts.



The Rev. Lemuel Clark came to my help at the meeting we held in the village. His sermons reached some whom I had failed to benefit. A number of these came into the church. The converts of last year were very much strengthened by these services.

On September 10th, 1839, the Presbytery of Niagara met at Wilson for my installation. My letter of dismission from the Western Reserve Association was received by the Presbytery. Rev. Asa Mahan of Oberlin preached the sermon. Rev. Truman Baldwin, my father-in-law, gave the pastor his charge. The Rev. Wm. C. Wisner, D.D., gave the charge to the congregation. This was a great day to the people of Wilson. They had been an organized church fourteen years. All these years they had struggled as best they could. They had had a stated supply but for one consecutive year. On this day for the first time they had a settled pastor.

Early this autumn I commenced a course of doctrinal sermons, beginning with the genuineness and authenticity of scripture; God,—His existence and attributes; the Trinity; Divinity of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit. The Fall of Man and its consequences; the covenant of grace and the mediatorial work of Christ. God put His seal upon this course of sermons in outpouring His Spirit in the

convictions of sinners and their conversion and confession of Christ before the world and in the establishing of the church in the faith and order of this people.

There was a marvelous interposition of divine power in the removal of a young man who resisted the Holy Spirit in the last revival of religion. He became a scoffer and mocker, holding mock prayer-meetings. After one of his mock prayer-meetings he was taken suddenly sick. I called to see him. He said he wanted no minister to talk to him. He turned his face to the wall. I left him. He grew rapidly worse and as death was feeling for his heart strings, despair settled upon him. He broke forth with a piteous cry, "Bring in a light! Bring in a light!" But his cries soon ceased. Such a death was never witnessed in Wilson. Infidelity stood aghast to see their champion mourning at the last in the darkness of despair. This death was sanctified to young men of Wilson.

At the annual thanksgiving of 1839, I came out with the history of Wilson, closing with two suggestions which would add to their business and population. First: The securing of the government appropriation for the removal of the accumulations of ages from the mouth of Twelve-Mile creek, where it empties into the lake, thereby furnishing a harbor for vessels doing business on Lake

Ontario, thus giving to the town a commercial importance. Second: An academy that would furnish the youth of this entire region with the facilities for a thorough business and literary course. I am happy to say these suggestions were well received and were adopted and have added to the business and influence of Wilson on surrounding towns.

At the fall meeting of Niagara Presbytery, a convention of ministers and churches was agreed upon and appointed at Lyndonville in the town of Yates, Orleans county, on a given day in Nov., 1840, for the purpose of considering what could be done to strengthen the feeble churches in connection with our Presbytery.

The convention met according to agreement, I was designated to preach the opening sermon which duty I performed. We spent two days in consultation and prayer. The following plan was adopted, to-wit: Every church in the Presbytery to be visited, one week to be spent with each, visiting from house to house during the day, preaching every night and day time when circumstances demanded it. Churches without pastors or supplies were to be the first visited. The Presbytery covered the counties of Niagara and Orleans. The ministers and churches of each county were responsible that the plan was carried out. We were to

begin as soon after the first of December as we could. I left my home on the first week in December and rode on horseback to Wheatland church, some twenty miles, on a cold day. The stated supply of Lewiston church I met me there, and no others came to that feeble, destitute church. We spent a week with them and did what we could for them. The bachelor brother from Lewiston found a good thing there, a lady that made him an excellent wife. Somerset was next visited. My father-in-law was their supply, and had been for two years. They had just completed a new meeting house. Their Sabbath school was in a condition to be greatly benefited by the visitation, which was crowned with rich results. There was at Somerset a good list of helpers, some twenty from the Sabbath school with quite a number of heads of families from that church bringing it up to the condition of self-support. The meetings at Somerset assumed so much interest they were protracted for two weeks. Wilson was next visited. We had a very profitable week with some conversions. The church enjoyed the visits. At the close of the meeting our baby boy, born on the 19th of September, Elisha Baldwin, took the lung fever and died, aged four months and fourteen days. Sickness and death coming upon us, I overworked and brought on fever and ague which shut me up two

weeks. When I so far recovered that I could, I took my wife and daughter, two years old, and drove out to Youngstown where the next meeting was to be.

On reaching Youngstown I found their pastor, Rev. J. Elliott, sick in bed, and no one on the ground to preach a sermon or conduct a meeting, but the session of the church. Learning that I was present they waited upon me and requested me to undertake the conducting of the services of the Presbyterial visitation. I told them I was totally unfit to do so, from the state of my health. Dr. Hyde, one of the session said, "Put yourself under my treatment and I will see you safely through." The circumstances were such as made it seem necessary that I should throw myself on the arm of the Lord and do the best I could for them.

Our first service was held in the basement of the church. In this meeting there were manifest evidences of the Holy Spirit's presence and power. At night I preached to an attentive and solemn audience. The meeting the next afternoon took the form of a prayer meeting attended with heart-broken confessions.

The second evening's service was a memorable one never to be forgotten. Towards the close of the sermon, I noticed a gentleman enter and drop into a seat near the door. The Holy Spirit gave

me an illustration which I used which God blessed to the opening of the eyes of this late comer. He saw his lost condition as a sinner in the presence of a heart-searching God. He was seen to weep. Those who sat near were astonished to see his tears. It was the first time he had attended a gospel service for fifteen years. He was the champion of infidelity, the ringleader of wickedness in general. He was the village lawyer, a ready talker and a man of influence among young men. Seeing this man in tears moved his associates to enquire, "What does this mean?" The next morning they met to talk up this question. They delegated two young men to wait upon Lawyer Babcock and learn from his own lips what those tears meant the night before. The delegation soon returned saying that Esquire Babcock was terribly in earnest. The effect on his unrepentant associates was like a shock of electricity. At that afternoon meeting, Mr. Babcock arose and said, "Last night on going home from that meeting, for the first time in my life I began to pray, and my request is that you would all pray that I may always continue to pray." That night when the invitation was given, asking any who wished to be remembered in the closing prayer to manifest it by rising to their feet, Mr. Babcock was the first one that rose. It was like wrenching the key stone from an arch.



Infidelity and wickedness fell in. Seventy-five arose for prayers. The place became a Bochim, a place of tears. The next day was the Sabbath. The great power of God was on the congregation. Sinners were pricked in their hearts and cried out, "What shall we do?" General conviction of sin took hold of all classes, whether they were church goers or home stayers. Wives who had waited for their husbands made up their minds that they could not wait any longer. They made up their minds to go to Jesus. Their action brought their husbands with them sooner or later.

At the close of the morning service of the second Sabbath, I went to the gentleman who kept the principal hotel of Youngstown and asked him if he had settled the question to go with his wife, who, during the preceding week, had given herself to Christ. He said he had and he invited me to go home with him for dinner. I went with him. We went through the form of dinner; but the dinner-party wanted salvation more than they wanted anything else. After dinner we repaired to the parlor to guide enquiring minds to Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend. I led in prayer. The hotel keeper followed me. He began in this way: "O Lord, thou knowest what has kept me away from thy services so long. It is this bar. Now, O Lord, I put it away; give me grace to live as a Christian



should." His brother was no less explicit in renouncing the pleasures of the world and in the consecration of himself to the Lord Jesus. There were eleven prayers offered in that parlor by the inmates and boarders of that hotel for the first time that afternoon. We had not concluded that solemn meeting, when I was sent for to visit another family. I went with the messenger, where I found a whole household in the same state of mind as those with whom I had dined. There God in the work of the Holy Spirit revealed Himself for the salvation of the inmates of the family. Oh, what a glorious Sabbath that was! On the next Tuesday night that hotel with all its contents was consumed by a mysterious fire breaking out about two o'clock.

The revival became general throughout the village, and spread into the country. The meetings were thronged. Dr. Wisner came to my help and for some three weeks the meetings were continued. It was the first general revival ever enjoyed in that frontier town. Its influence permeated every class of society, working out a general reformation in the habits of the people. Drinking was dried up, gambling was stopped, the Sabbath hallowed, family religion was established in what before had been prayerless homes. Seventy converts joined the Presbyterian Church, a majority of whom were heads of families.

During my stay in Youngstown, my wife and daughter were taken sick, thus I was held there that I might be a worker with God in that marvelous display of His saving grace to that hitherto neglected people. I felt that the providence and blessing of God made plain my duty to remain at Youngstown until I could safely take my family home. My stay of three weeks at Youngstown led to dissatisfaction with the Wilson congregation which resulted in dissolving the pastoral relation, and my undertaking the work of a missionary with the feeble churches and destitute places in Niagara county. The pastoral relation was dissolved in May 1841. I removed my family to Middleport, a village in the east part of the county where was one of our feeble churches. I bought and fitted up a comfortable home. I made up my mind that the best way to change the moral aspect of Middleport was to open an Academic school. With the assistance of friends I built a school building in a vacant lot that I bought with my home, in which my father-in-law, Rev. Truman Baldwin, with two unmarried daughters, opened an Academic school, which, with Sabbath services, soon gave us a pleasant introduction into that community. After settling my family at Middleport and seeing the Academy in working order, in connection with the Rev. Wm. C. Wisner, I entered upon a series of

meetings with the churches in Niagara county in our Presbytery. We held a second meeting at Youngstown where in addition to the seventy members in March, 1841, ninety were added in the winter of 1842. This revival reached out into the town of Porter and brought in a large number from the country east of Youngstown. We held a second meeting at Somerset which was greatly blessed to that people. During this meeting I was called home on account of the sickness of our little daughter. After her recovery, we held an interesting meeting in Cambria. The work was general and large numbers were added to the church. We then held a meeting at Lewiston. The work was slow there, but we reached a class that was never reached before, and families that gave influence to the church, which took on growth, and is now a moral power that is felt in that part of the country. Dr. Wisner was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Lockport which took him out of the evangelistic work and left me alone, with some lay helpers. I held an interesting meeting at Gosport, six miles east of Middleport. There were a large number added to Gosport Congregational church as the fruits of this effort.

In May of 1842, I was invited by the Rev. Wm. Beecher, who was pastor at Batavia, N. Y.,

to come to his assistance for a week or more. In going to Batavia I passed through Caryville, a town on an old Indian reservation six miles north of Batavia. At Caryville we had a small Presbyterian church which was then supplied by an acquaintance of mine, Rev T. Darling. Being weary with the morning ride I stopped at the house of Brother Darling for a little rest. On knocking at his door he opened it with the salutation, "God bless you, Brother Sherwood. I believe the Lord has sent you here." I told him why I was there. "Will you preach for us on your return?" he asked. I replied that I would try to arrange so to do. On completing my stay at Batavia I informed Brother Darling that I would preach for him on the next evening. I found their place of meeting was a dining-room that would accommodate fifty persons. They had meeting there night after night for six weeks for prayer. The room was well filled. Before I was through with my sermon, I was impressed that some one had a work to do there. As I was about closing my sermon, Brother Darling came and asked if I could stop and give them another sermon. I consented, remained, and preached with increasing interest. As I was closing, Mr. Darling came again and said, "Can you not stay and preach on the Sabbath, and let me go and supply your appointment." By

this time I felt that God had opened a door for me to enter into a good work. I consented to make the exchange. Saturday night and Sunday the school house could be used. Saturday night we had a good audience. Sabbath morning the ladies filled the school house leaving the gentlemen to do the best they could. The attendance at night was larger than in the morning.

What to do for room to accommodate the people was the question on Monday morning. I did not wait for Brother Darling to return. I called together some of the leading men to decide what to do. There was a large building, 100x40 feet, just finished for Col. Cary, the patron of the town. The lower story had been finished as one room. Mr. Cary was waited upon by a committee of gentlemen, who asked for that room for the meetings. The request was granted. The next thing was seating the room. That was provided for, and a meeting was announced at the hall for Monday night. The congregation increased every night, and they increased the seating, until the hall floor was filled with seats, and the seats were filled with the people. On Sabbath days this large building was surrounded by buggies and carriages full of people that could not get seats in the hall. I began to inquire, "Why are such multitudes gathering here?"

During the year 1841 that whole region had been visited by a disease known as the black tongue, which swept off many by death, leaving on the community an awful sense of the visitation they had passed through. This state of things with six weeks of prayer had prepared for this visitation of the grace and Spirit of God. We settled on this plan: meeting every day at 2 P. M., and at 7:30, P. M., during week days, and on Sabbath preaching morning and night at the usual hours, with a prayer meeting at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Brother Darling gave up the meeting to me. After the sermon at night, I invited forward any one who felt his need of pardon for sin. There were often twenty-five that came under this invitation, sometimes fifty and even more. Converts began their testimony for Christ. The work deepened and widened, conviction took hold of all classes. Farmers would work up to their dinner hour, and be at the two o'clock meeting, take their rest at the meeting and return home, work between meetings and be out again at night. Thus we worked on from the last week in May, until after the 4th of July when it seemed I could not remain any longer. I announced my closing sermon. We had out a large congregation. I preached to the converts. As I was about closing, there came up a pour-down shower, and no one wanted to leave.



I spoke to those who knew their duty and had not done it, for about fifteen minutes, and then asked those who knew their duty and had not done it, but would then begin, to arise. Col. Cary arose and with him some fifteen others who had been hiding behind Col. Cary. This action of Col. Cary and his associates brought me into new straits. I paused and asked wisdom from above. This plan was suggested: leave the question of the continuance of the meeting to the colonel and his associates, and others in the congregation who have not taken a stand for Christ; ask of these what they want. So I put the matter in this form: "I shall leave the question of the continuance of these services to those who have this night risen, and all in the congregation who have not professed Christ. If you desire these meetings continued such will now manifest it by arising." One hundred arose. I then said: "The future meetings are for those who have risen here to night and I shall expect your faithful attendance, and that you will use your influence to bring others here." I appointed meetings for next day and night.

Col. Cary came right out and took his stand for Christ, went to work, providing clothing for some poor families which the ladies made up, and these families commenced attending meetings. The colonel asked me to go with him and visit a family in which



the parents were at variance. He brought them together and begged them for their children's sake to love each other and to live as a family ought to. I proposed a season of prayer, and I led and the colonel followed. The parties wept on their knees, got up and confessed to each other and healed all manner of differences. I worked on four weeks longer up into the month of August. We reached out into the country north and south, gathered the people at the school house and in the groves and preached to them Jesus and the resurrection. All classes were reached, believed and confessed the Saviour. Before I left, Col. Cary offered the Presbyterian church a lot for a meeting house, and started a subscription with \$100. \$2,000 were raised to build a church. Seventy persons united with the Presbyterian church. Fifty with the Methodist and thirty-five with the Free Will Baptist. Over 200 professed conversion at our meetings. Many were converted who came from adjoining towns. I saw the fruits of those meetings years afterward in Michigan. An elder from an adjoining town told me that for years after they had persons offer themselves for membership, and, on asking when and where they received their first religious impressions, they replied: "At the Caryville meeting when they met in the hall." An Academy was soon organized

in the building where the meetings were held. Col. Cary left money as an endowment for the school at his death. The church was built the next season and I was asked to go over and dedicate it which I did.

On returning to Middleport, I commenced a meeting there in the Methodist church. God poured out a spirit of prayer on the few faithful Christians of that place. It was a wrestling spirit that God gave us which unsealed the waters of life to that people. God gave me the indwelling power in preaching His gospel. It was the first effort any evangelistic denomination of Christians had made for years. The Holy Spirit gave us an earnest of what He was waiting to do when His children would believe, receive, and confess Him before that people. There were twenty hopeful conversions as the fruits of these meetings. It was the morning star of hope for Middleport. The converts divided between the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. This meeting added to the graces as well as the numbers of the churches.

On one of the Sabbath mornings of January, 1843, as I attempted to reach our place of worship with my horse and cutter, I was met by a cyclone that turned me back. As I returned to my house and stepped out of my cutter, I was struck by the end of a flying board which broke the outer bone

on my left leg, half way between the ankle and the knee, which confined me some weeks to my room. When I was able to be out, I found there was quite an interest in our congregation, as I began to move among the people. It is to the Rev. Jedediah Burchard, that I owe most under God for my success in revival efforts. I was with him more or less for three years when a student. I learned from him how to conduct such efforts and the secret of success in them. It is this: waiting on God until you are endued with the power of the Holy Ghost.

During the month of April, he came to my assistance here and gave us two weeks' services. Twenty were added to the church of Middleport as the fruits of this meeting. Most of these converts were young men and women connected with our Academy and of an interesting class who are useful in the church of Christ. Early in March I commenced preaching once every Sabbath at Gosport, six miles west of Middleport; returning and preaching at Middleport in the evening of the same day.

This on the whole was a sad year to us. God was schooling us in affliction. My limb had not fully recovered, when dear Margaret Elizabeth was taken with the whooping cough. Not having fully recovered from the long illness of inflammation of the lungs in the winter of 1842, we were

fearful of the influence of this cough on her. She soon began to droop under its strain upon her constitution. She was subject to spasms when coughing. Consequently she was carefully watched. In the dead of the night she was taken with a spasm. I sprung out of bed, took her in my arms and ere I was aware she fell back dead, before we realized she was in such danger. This took place on the 14th of March. Margaret was four years, four months and two days old. We buried her in the cemetery where sleep my father and mother. We removed the body of her brother, Elisha Baldwin. Sister and brother sleep side by side in hope of the resurrection.

The remainder of this year was given to Gosport and Middleport, with a growing interest in both congregations.

The year of 1844, was also given to these fields and intervening school districts. On the 29th of March, 1844, my wife gave birth to a second son whom we named after the two grandfathers, John Baldwin. He had a delicate constitution, was of lovely disposition, a very promising boy. The year 1845 was entirely given to Middleport. We raised money sufficient to build a Presbyterian church on the lot owned by the society which was dedicated in December of this year. I was assisted in dedication by the Rev. A. T. Hopkins, D.D. of

Buffalo and Rev. Wm. C. Wisner of Lockport. Dr. Hopkins preached the sermon and Dr. Wisner made the dedicatory prayer. We now had a good church house and a respectable congregation. We thought we had a degree of prosperity when there was reason to hope for a permanent growth of the church and congregation.

On the 21st of December of this year, God blessed us with a third son, a healthy boy. We named him Charles Linsley after a favorite uncle of his mother.

When we came to the period for making arrangement for the year 1846 my expectations for support at Middleport were not realized. I had devoted my entire time to them for the year 1845 on a salary that did not meet the expenses of my family. I had raised every dollar we had for the new church. I took them in 1841 when to other ministers there seemed no hope of doing anything to save that church. I made a great sacrifice to give them an academic school which gave us the youth out of which we gathered a congregation, and revived and built up a church of some fifty members, and had sacrificed my time for 1845 to secure them a church. I had a right to expect they would now make some sacrifice to sustain me with a salary that would support my growing family. They seemed to feel that because I had

sacrificed for them I would still do it. I had reached a point beyond which I must not go any farther. It was a sacrifice of the property I had fitted up there. I remained with them until June of 1846, when I was invited to Liverpool, a suburban town of Syracuse, N. Y. I gave nine years to Niagara county. Three years and a half were given to Wilson during this time, during which I received one hundred and three to that church, one half of whom were heads of families. Thirty-five years elapsed before I could visit them. When I did, and preached to them on the Sabbath, I was stopping with the only elder left of those choice men I found in 1837. He said to me: "Brother Sherwood, you see that the meeting house you left has undergone some changes and you are responsible for these changes that have taken place, and for the expenses we have been to to effect them, by the course you adopted in going out into the school districts and holding those meetings you did, with the conversions that followed. The people from those districts coming in, filled the house you left. We first knocked off one end and put on fifteen feet. The growth of the congregation was such that they filled up this added space in a few years. Then we knocked off the side of the house and put on ten feet and that filled up and crowded the choir so much that they demanded more room,



and we knocked off the other end, put in an orchestra and pulpit." I lay down this principle: that the gospel is of such superlative importance to all persons, that to those who do not come where the gospel is preached, it should be carried through school house efforts in the country, or cottage meetings in the cities; lest the blood of the lost be found on our garments, in the great day of solemn review. The fruits of the five and a half years given to Niagara county in evangelistic work in 1841,—'42, according to the Presbyterial report for these years, were 766 hopeful conversions, 559 added on confession, and 60 by letter, bringing a number of churches to self support. It was during these years that glorious revival at Caryville took place in which there were at least two hundred hopeful conversions. The nine years in Niagara county were precious years. The work was permanent. After I came to Missouri, I was invited by their stated clerk to return to them and go over the field again. Circumstances forbade.



## CHAPTER IV.

### CENTRAL NEW YORK.

On a more careful survey of Liverpool I found it a village of about twelve hundred, a mixed multitude, of salt manufacturers, canal boatmen, mechanics, and day laborers, surrounded on three sides by an intelligent farming population.

On entering upon work in my new field, the first thing was the remodeling of the Sunday School. This necessitated my taking the superintendency of the school. I preached twice on the Sabbath at the church and gave a third service in the country.

On the 13th of August of this year brother Charles, aged thirty-two, died, surrounded by everything that made life desirable.

We went forward very pleasantly in our new field with an increasing congregation with nothing of special interest until the close of the boating season. It had been the custom of the boatmen at the close of navigation to have a general jollification, drink at every saloon, and keep the town awake by their wild orgies and general parade.

They woke up one man, who the next morning on meeting some of the business men of the town, asked them if that was the way that Liverpool celebrated the return of the boatmen. The answer was, "The boys must have a good time once a year. Last evening the saloons had their pull at the boatmen, of what is left the gamblers will be sure to get their share; and there will not be much left for wives and children." I then put this question to quite a circle of business men that had gathered around: "Do the business men of this town look on and see these saloons and gamblers rob the laboring men without any remonstrance? For one I do not propose to let such a state of things pass without making an honest effort to stop it." "We have tried to correct it," they said, "but it is of no use. You can not stop it." "I propose to try my hand," I replied. I returned to my study taking with me a young man who was at home from New York city on a short visit. We consulted together and I drew the following paper:

‘Attention, Boatmen!

“Captain and all hands are invited to meet at the Presbyterian church on next Sabbath evening at 7 o’clock, at which time a plan will be submitted how every boatman may be made rich. Seats free. Good music. Come one, come all.”

I went into my study to develop the plan, and had it ready in time.

My study was near the sidewalk leading to the church. The tramp began as soon as the first bell rung. When I entered the church at the time appointed, I thought all the boatmen of Syracuse as well as all Liverpool were there. The choir had made special preparation for the occasion. I took for my text the words of Moses to his father-in-law, Hobab, "Come thou with us; and we will do thee good, for God hath spoken good concerning Israel." After giving a history of the text, I remarked to those present, "You have had such invitations extended to you before, by Sabbath breakers, by the saloon keepers, the harlot, the gambler, the pleasure seeker. Did any of these parties keep their promises to you? What good did any of you experience from any of those? They were like the promises of the devil to our Lord. Here is the promise of God who cannot lie, that He will do you good. He did me good. He will do you good. If you come with us, we will do you good. Our ways are pleasant. God hath spoken good concerning us. There is peace in the ways of religion. The man who fears God shall not want any good thing. He has God for *his guide, his keeper*; no good thing will He withhold from those who walk uprightly. To become rich

you must start right and do right and persevere in the ways of well doing. The plan by which every boatman may become rich will require a course of lectures for its development. You who would like such a course of lectures are requested to manifest it by rising to your feet." Three fourths of that large company arose ere I had the sentence out. I announced for the next lecture, "How boatmen should spend their time out of the season of navigation." Text: "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." After lecture we opened an evening school with thirty that could neither read or write. Before navigation opened they all could read, write and reckon up an account in figures.

The second lecture was, "Savings' Bank for Spare Money rather than the Saloon Drawer." Text: Haggai 1:5, 6, Boatmen earn money and put into bags that have holes in them, burn it up in cigars, drop in the saloon drawer, etc. Afterwards, we started a savings' bank.

The third lecture was on the evils of intoxicating drinks.

The fourth lecture was on the curses that come to the man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips. The fruit of these lectures was an organization of a lodge of the Sons of Temperance.

Scores of both sexes came into this lodge, among

them were the worst of drunkards. Some of the scenes that I witnessed growing out of the reformation of drunken husbands will be the last to fade from my memory.

The next three lectures were on gambling. The first answered the question, What is gambling? The second dealt with the evils of gambling. The third pointed out the fruits of gambling. After hearing my first lecture on gambling, they said: "He is an old hand, we can learn something, we will go again." There was quite an influx of strangers as well as a full representation of Liverpool people. I cut right and left on the evils of gambling. "How does he know so much about us? He must have been there," they said. The fruits of gambling drew a full house and the last twenty minutes of the lecture the audience was as solemn as any I ever spoke to. These lectures drove gamblers out of Liverpool. They could not rent a place and went over into an old canal boat. About the close of the lectures on gambling, I chanced to open a Syracuse daily paper. There I saw a full column on the work being done in Liverpool by a course of lectures unique in character and productive of results in reforming a large number of men in that hitherto immoral village. In the years that I remained in Liverpool the fruits of those lectures were more and more manifest in the

uplifting in moral character and in the education diffused by the night schools. The mistake, if any, was in not going right forward with revival efforts, preaching to them plainly the gospel, urging them to lay hold upon salvation and not stop at the half way house of morality as some of them did. The success of the lectures in the reformation of morals of the men and the notices it called forth in the daily and weekly papers brought to me calls from the brethren of Onondaga Presbyterian to come to their help in gospel meetings. In the fall of 1847 I was invited by the Rev. R. C. Cleveland, the father of the President of the United States, who was then a lad in roundabouts, to assist them in a service of meetings at Fayetteville, N. Y., where he was pastor of the Presbyterian church. I was his guest for two weeks. I found Rev. Cleveland one of the most perfect gentlemen I have ever met. His noble wife was a true Maryland lady who presided with dignity and grace over her large family. The two weeks of special meeting, were crowned with the rich blessing of the Great Head of the church in the impartation of spiritual power to the church members and the marked conversions of youth and heads of families in his congregation who in due time became members of his church. In addition to my pastoral duties at Liverpool, I did what I could for a number of vacant pulpits,



Jamesville, Onondaga Valley, Oneida Lake, Ridgeville and Amboy. I also gave more or less time to preaching in destitute regions north and east of Liverpool. While the growth of the Sabbath school and church was steady, there was no marked revival of religion. Yet there were additions to the church during the years I was in Liverpool. Important results were brought about during our labors there, that our successors entered into and were greatly profited by them. During my last year there, 1850, I made a special effort to lift the congregation above their dependence upon the Home Missionary Society to one of self support. The plan that I adopted was to go to the tax roll of the county and get the amount of property on which they paid taxes, in order that I might ascertain what per cent each property holder was paying for the support of the gospel among them. The exhibit shamed them out of their miserly spirit. They found no difficulty in lifting the support of the Gospel above dependence on Home Missionary help.

The years that we spent in Liverpool had their dark days as well as those that were full of sunshine. Our living children were young and subject to the diseases of childhood. Our dear son John Baldwin went down to his early grave from the after results of the measles during our residence



there. This dear boy was a marked case of the early development of the fruits of the Holy Spirit in the heart of a child, not quite five years old. As I was sitting by him one day in his child's bed, he looked up to me and said: "Papa, do you think that the Lord Jesus will suffer naughty children to come unto Him?" This question was the prompting of his own feelings. Nothing had been recently said that would have led to such a question. I answered this question by relating to him how the Lord Jesus became a child that He might know the mind and the feelings of a child and after He grew to be a man, He told his disciples to suffer little children to come unto Him, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. He drank in this instruction with such attention as showed he comprehended it, and rested upon it. From that time to the end of his young life, some two months, there was nothing that would interest him as did the story of Christ's love for little children. He recovered from the attack of sciatica from which he was then suffering; and was quite well before taken with the measles. He was very fond of a picture book I gave him for a Christmas present. In it were a good many Bible scenes. There was no picture that took his attention, like the one where our Lord was extended upon the cross. His mother was holding him in her arms on the day he died.

She was telling him of a little girl who was sick near our house. He said, "Ma, I do not want to hear about her." "What do you want to hear about?" "I want you should tell me about the Lord Jesus."

As an illustration of his attention to religious duties, one evening we left the children with our housekeeper. She prepared their supper and they gathered around the table. His other sister and younger brother commenced eating; but John Baldwin did not eat. He was asked why he did not eat his supper with the other children. His answer was that God's blessing had not been asked. His mother asked the blessing when I was away so that he had never ate until a blessing had been asked at the table.

Our dear son died on February 14th, 1849, aged four years, ten months, and twenty-six days. I altered a poem that was composed by a friend on the death of our daughter Margaret Elizabeth.

### TO MY SON JOHN BALDWIN.

'In bliss' young hour he faded like  
All cherished things below.  
As buds may wither on the stem  
Ere yet the roses blow,  
Ah! many loved thee, many gazed  
Upon thy cherub brow;  
Earthly hopes centered in thee,  
But alas! they are blasted now.

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Brief was thy stay on earth, dear boy;  
Here thou mightst not long remain,  
Thine was an exotic growth,  
Thy mission done, and heaven gained,  
Thou didst pass death's dark vale,  
Cherub angels led the way,  
And conveyed thy young spirit safe  
To the realms of endless day.  
There thou mayst of God more fully learn,  
There thou hast the long wished for spring attained  
There with brother and sister gone before,  
Share all the bliss, death to thee hath gained."

He was buried in the cemetery at Liverpool. The children and youth of that place erected a neat little monument to his memory. Sweet sleeper, rest in the arms of Jesus, until He shall awake thee!

On the 1st of September, 1850, a daughter was given us to fill the great vacancy made in our family circle. This was our sixth child, which we named after the two grandmothers, Sarah Lucy.

When I closed my labors at Liverpool, I had no place in view. I made the field for future work a subject for special prayer. Having spent some time in prayer, I went down to the postoffice for my daily mail.

I was handed a letter in an unknown hand and from an unknown place. I opened it. To my surprise it was a letter from Pitcher, Chenango county, N. Y., inviting me to visit them as a sup-

ply for the church at that place. Not knowing the writer nor the place, I started out to find some one who knew where it was. After quite a search, I found a man who was acquainted there, who gave me a good report of the place and people and advised me by all means to go and visit them. I received that letter as answer to my prayer where to go. I made my arrangements and visited them that week; and spent the following Sabbath with them. I was kindly received. They gave me a fine congregation on the Sabbath. After having two sermons they called a congregational meeting and unanimously voted me a call to become their pastor. I preached at night, left the next morning for Liverpool, and returned in two weeks for a more thorough acquaintance with the people. I found an open door, a people hungry for the word, and willing to do their duty. I could not say nay to them. They offered to send their teams for my goods and a carriage for my family. Furthermore they offered to put on an addition to the parsonage as soon as it could be done. I accepted their call and took a carriage to bring back my family. They sent on three teams to remove my goods forty miles by wagon. Before I could get back a revival of God's work had commenced. I put in the sickle to this field white for the harvest and glorious sheaves were gathered. Thirty-five came

into the church at our January communion. Seven entered the ministry as the fruit of the wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit in connection with that revival of God's work, which spread up and down the beautiful valley of the Otselic River.

God led me there in the right time. I never doubted from the day I found that letter in the postoffice after a season of prayer that it was God's ordering to take me away from all my old associates and associations and place me in that field which had been left so long without spiritual culture, yet well sowed with the seed of the kingdom. The reapers had not been there for many years. God sent me to reap and train up from that large circle of youth those who would go forth into His vineyard and do a great work for Him in other fields.

My work for 1851 was training those converts we had received from the revival for Christian work. We had an inefficient Sabbath school with experienced teachers. We began to teach their teachers the importance of Christian work in the Sabbath school. We organized a young people's missionary society and associated with it a literary society. These societies met monthly. At their meetings a paper called the "Evening Star" rose monthly on the horizon of Pitcher, and shed its cheering light on that inland town. Out of its contributors came

quite a number of literary characters, in the person of ministers of the gospel, eminent physicians and school teachers. It was marvelous what improvement these youth made in Christian character and literary pursuits.

Most of the converts of the revival of 1850 stood firm, grew in grace and in the knowledge of God's word. On a more careful survey of this field for Christian effort, I found that it was limited. Three miles up the river was a sister church. Four miles below was another. Between our churches, above and below, there were sandwiched in Methodist churches. The only way to gather in new families was to go over the hills and persuade them to come to the beautiful valley of the Otselic. The year 1852 saw but the repetition of the labors of the previous one. When we went over the hills and held meetings in the school houses, it was difficult to induce the people to come steadily to the village for worship. I was invited to assist neighboring ministers and saw blessed fruit. By repeated visits to one town, I effected the organization of a new church. Our work seemed to settle down about to this, care for the flock, feed the sheep, feed the lambs. It gave me a fine range for study. These years were furnishing me for the after years of my ministry when there was neither time nor opportunity for study.



From year to year the ripe fruits of the church were plucked by the cold hand of death and gathered to the home above. There were some painful instances where death came to those who had grieved the Holy Spirit or had procrastinated the needful preparation until it was too late. It was terrible to hear them mourn at the last and exclaim: "Oh, if I had accepted salvation when the Holy Spirit strove with me under such a sermon; but now I am dying without hope; and the blackness of despair is overshadowing my death bed!"

Though there may be in country fields a sameness from year to year, still there will be startling scenes, which will throw a pall over the entire community. One such occurred in Pitcher in 1853. A young man was left with five other children by the sudden death of a drunken father, the mother dying from a broken heart. The children had been cared for by as many families. The eldest son, about eighteen years of age, in a drinking spree at the hotel in town, fell from the piazza, fractured his skull and died in a short time.

The enemies of temperance took charge of his funeral, selecting a minister they could control to preach the funeral sermon. He had preached an inappropriate sermon and as he closed he turned to me as I sat in the pulpit with him, saying: "Mr. Sherwood, use your liberty." I did so, knowing



that in doing so I should bring upon myself all the opposition that anti-temperance power could combine against me. I wanted God on my side, then I did not care who was against me. I alluded to the painful circumstances under which we were assembled. I then asked who was responsible for this appalling scene. Not the man that sold him the whiskey. Not the men who licensed him to sell whiskey. "I charge the guilt upon the legal voters of this township who voted to authorize the Excise Board to grant a license. The blood of this young man cries to God against every voter who authorized that license. Blood has a voice that will enter into the ears of the God of Justice." The town election was just at hand. "Will you at the coming election endorse this horrible deed by authorizing this board or another which may be chosen to license another man to repeat the bloody scene?" Then I asked Almighty God to wake up the consciences of that congregation to do as they would wish they had when they should meet the young man whose body was in the coffin before us at the judgment seat of Christ Jesus, and that this event might be sanctified to all present. That prayer was answered. On the day of election, a temperance board was chosen and no more licenses were granted while I remained in Pitcher. I never saw such an excitement as there was in that meet-

ing house when the congregation was dismissed. The enemies of temperance were caught in a trap they caused to be set. Their consciences became their own accusers. They realized that truth was mighty and had prevailed. One bold stroke at the right time will do tremendous execution. The great secret of success is to dare to do right at the right time. It required the same moral courage to stand where I stood that day that it would to face a charge on the field of battle. God alone can give it. It is that power that our Lord promised should be given those that will witness for Him.

Towards the close of this year I received an invitation to visit my brother, Dr. Willis M. Sherwood of Wilmington, North Carolina, which I accepted. I went by way of New York city, Philadelphia, Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk and then by R. R. to Wilmington. After spending a week there, I took a trip into the interior of the state, where I saw slavery in its mildest form as it existed in a farming community. I preached most of a week preparatory for a communion season, spending the Sabbath there. Returning to the city, my brother said, "If you want to attend a slave sale, you will find one at the market to-day." I went and saw an old wagon and horse cried off. Then a colored woman was put up on the same block and she was cried off in the same way.

Finishing my visit, I returned by way of the city of Richmond, the tomb of Washington, and the city of Washington, stopping at each place long enough to take in what was of special interest. I then left directly for home, and found all well. I resumed my pastoral work for the remainder of 1853 and 1854, with the church and congregation keeping up to their usual standard of numbers and interest.

At the spring meeting of Cortland Presbytery for 1855, I was chosen commissioner to the General Assembly to meet in St. Louis, Mo., at the First Presbyterian church on the third Thursday of May.

On my way to St. Louis, I spent a Sabbath in Michigan with an old friend, the Rev. Thomas Jones. He gave me a very pressing invitation to settle in Michigan. I said to him: "Get me a field and I will come." I left my friend Jones on Monday for St. Louis. That day I made the acquaintance of the Rev L. I. Root, who was on his way to General Assembly. As we journeyed we fell in company with divers commissioners. The question of moderator was mooted. I mentioned the name of the Rev. William C. Wisner, D.D., of Lockport and of Niagara Presbytery. The suggestion took and at the proper time and place Dr. Wisner was elected moderator. This was my first attendance on the General Assembly. I was given

an honorable place on an important committee. This was my first visit to the great West. I fell in love with the West and thirty-seven years of my life's work have been given to that section. After the close of the assembly, I returned to my charge and settled into work. I had not been at home two months when I received a letter from my friend Jones saying he had found for me one of the best country fields in the State of Michigan. This letter opened the question of making a change.

I was led to these considerations: I had worked up all the accessible material in Pitcher; all that I could do there was to care for the sheep and lambs. There were ministers that could do this work as well as I could, and would be satisfied to do it. I decided to leave it, and go where I could find plenty of accessible material. In September of 1855 I visited the field my friend had found for me. It was Edwardsburgh in Cass county, Michigan, within three miles of the south line of the state, on the border of a beautiful prairie near a small lake, surrounded by a rich farming country; as pleasantly situated as a country charge need be.

They had outgrown their first house of worship, and were building a new church house. I preached to them twice on the Sabbath, and made such calls as I could. They called a congregational meeting

and voted me a call. I took their call. Circumstances in my family demanding my immediate return to my home, I left the next morning for my family, reached home, and found my daughter with a broken limb, but doing well.

Soon after my return, I was invited to Whitney's Point, eighteen miles south of Pitcher on the same river. My wife was anxious to have me visit Whitney's Point. I did so. My visit was acceptable to them and I was asked to accept a call from them. I returned home and canvassed the two openings before me. Mrs. Sherwood's parents were living at their home in Onondaga county. She wished to remain as near them as she could. I visited Whitney's Point again and concluded to accept their call if they would perform certain things. They were to call a meeting on Monday night and write me by Tuesday morning's mail, the result. On Tuesday no letter came. There was a daily mail between the towns. No mail Wednesday nor Thursday. Friday I prepared a letter to Edwardsburgh, Mich., saying I accepted their call, provided I had no letter. I found no letter, and mailed my letter to Edwardsburgh and went home and commenced packing my goods for removal there. That afternoon the looked-for letter came from the north. I held the mail long enough to say to the people of Whitney's Point,

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"Your letter came this afternoon from the north; too late; I go to Michigan.' The next morning a delegation from Whitney's Point came up and asked me to recall the letter sent. I said: "I cannot; the hand of God is in this. I dare not recall it." My wife realized there must have been an unseen hand in keeping back that letter until the mail had borne away my acceptance of the Edwardsburgh call. Thirty-six years' work in Michigan and Missouri illustrates what God had for me to do on the skirmish line in the growing West. The next Sabbath I preached my farewell sermon to the best people I had ever labored with. I had been with them five years in the prime of life. Many of them I had received into the church; others I had married and had baptized their children. They made me every offer I could have asked for, yet I felt I had finished my work there and I must leave them.

## CHAPTER V.

### WORK IN MICHIGAN.

We left Pitcher the next day for Edwardsburgh, Michigan, reaching there the first week in December, just in time to get snugly settled in their parsonage before winter set in very cold.

The winter proved a long and cold one. We worshiped in the old meeting house until about the first of February, 1856, when the new house was ready for dedication. I was assisted in the dedication by the Rev. Alfred Bryant, a former pastor. I preached the sermon from Ps. 46:4. Rev. Bryant made the dedicatory prayer. Two weeks after, the question of special meetings came up. It was decided to begin a series of meetings on the last days of February, which was continued up to the last week in March greatly benefiting the church and giving them over twenty new members. These results gave me a pleasant introduction to the ministry and churches of that region. More than that, it was God's seal that I did my duty in coming to Edwardsburgh.

As the spring opened, the work to be done



opened also. They had been without a pastor so long, a large amount of pastoral work had accumulated. I now found plenty of accessible material to be worked up. Edwardsburgh at that time was the moral and religious centre of a large scope of country settled and occupied by first-class farmers. There was sharp competition in the various denominations. They were well manned and well equipped. I soon learned that Western people were up and stirring, and they expected their minister to be likewise. As I became acquainted with the people, I liked their make up. I found one family from Orleans county, N. Y., Mr. Lewis Gates. His children were of an interesting age. Three of them made a profession of religion in the revival of religion. I now had all the range I wanted. I even found there was danger of a minister spreading himself until he made himself so thin that his efforts made no permanent impression anywhere. I gave myself to rewriting my doctrinal sermons and instructing the converts, and indoctrinating my hearers. The church experienced a great loss in the death of Mr. William H. Bacon, a man who always met every demand of the church and suffering humanity. This fall we lost Miss Margaret Foster in the wreck of a steamboat on Lake Superior.

Towards the close of 1856, I was invited to the

city of Elkhart, Indiana, nine miles from Edwardsburgh, to conduct a series of gospel meetings. Elkhart was a business town on the Michigan Southern R. R. and on the St. Joseph River in the northern part of Indiana. It was at that time the hot-bed of error. When they went to church, it was to hear some new things. I made up my mind to try the power of Christ crucified. I began preaching that man was lost, dwelt upon his ruined condition until conviction took hold of my hearers. I then presented a crucified Savior as their only hope. Some prominent families believed, received and confessed Him. This produced a great flutter in Elkhart. They sent and brought some of their spiritualistic teachers; but the people came to hear of Christ crucified. They sent to Boston, Mass., and imported celebrated musicians hoping they would draw the crowd away from our meetings. God was giving the hearing ear, the understanding heart and the obedient will. That series of meetings was a new era to Elkhart. From that time Christ crucified has had a high place in the confidence of those who hold the truth in the love of it. There is nothing that is the power of God unto salvation but the gospel. I have made proof of it on the most brazen faced infidelity, the most subtle forms of error, the most polite worldlings; as well as the grossest forms of wickedness. To the praise of

God I here record that the gospel is the embodied, concentrated power of the Godhead, the mightiest weapon ever wielded for the subduing of the opposition of the carnal mind and bringing men into allegiance to God. My wife and our youngest daughter made a visit to her parents in Cicero, N. Y. After six weeks I sent for her. This visit made my wife a Western woman ever after. Our congregations kept up to about the same standard. If one dropped out, some one came in and filled the vacancy.

In the autumn of 1857, I was invited to Mishawaka to assist in a series of meetings. It was a season of special interest to the members of the church. Quite a number were led to Christ and confessed Him and were received to the church. I enjoyed my work there, and it led to a permanent friendship with the pastor, the oldest minister in Northern Indiana.

While I was at Mishawaka the Methodist and Baptist began a union meeting at Edwardsburgh. On returning to my field I found work to do in our church. The church thought best to go in for union meeting. Our own children were awakened and wrought upon by the Holy Spirit. My son afterwards told me that it was in those union meetings he was taught his lost and ruined condition. Also my eldest daughter had those revelations of sin

and salvation which led her into the light of the gospel. There were youth and some adults benefited by this series of union meetings. Yet there were young men who did not yield to the claims of the gospel. I began to realize I was not holding the young men in my congregation as I did in the churches I served in New York. I began to search for the reason. It appeared upon my finding in our church young people who gave no evidence of a new birth. One young lady came to me and confessed that she did not have a saving knowledge of Christ. She sought and truly found a Savior and walked in the peace and love of the gospel. When in that fearful storm on Lake Superior she said to her brother: "Andrew, save yourself if you can. If I go down into the deep it is well with me." They were both thrown into the lake, the sister sank, the brother was washed into a cove and rescued. I was exceedingly tried with the inpenitent young men in our church. I felt they were a reproach to religion, and counteracting the work I tried to do for the souls of others. Yet I saw no way to correct the evil, or to remove it. I came to the conclusion I would endure the best I could this state of things until my fourth year expired. I would then ask Presbytery to dissolve my relation to the church and seek another field. Things moved along pleasantly during the fall and

winter of 1858 and '59. During the spring I visited Buchanan, some fifteen miles from Edwardsburgh. I found there a growing village on the Michigan R. R. running from Chicago to Detroit, with a scattered Presbyterian church that had been left for years; with a small meeting house occupied by the Methodists, until they seemed to think that possession was nine points in law. I came to the conclusion that there was not only a church to be saved there, but there was an important point to be occupied, for it was the only church in the western half of Berrien county with a population of thousands. When Presbytery met in the fall I asked them to dissolve the pastoral relation, the church uniting with me in this request. The relation was dissolved. Pecuniarily it was an unwise move, and the most unhappy one I ever made. I removed to Buchanan in the fall of 1859. The Great Head of the church had a work for me to do there, to wit, to reestablish that church and save the property.

We got possession of the church, and commenced services therein. Soon a Sabbath School was gathered. With the scattered families of the church and other families raised in Presbyterian faith we had a respectable congregation. Backsliders were reclaimed and sinners were converted. The work of the church was very promising during

the winter of 1859 and '60. My Bible class grew until I was compelled to give the afternoon of the Sabbath to Bible study, at the request of a large circle of friends on the following conditions:

1st. They should in all discussions treat each other as gentlemen and ladies. 2nd. We would confine ourselves strictly to the subject matter of the lesson. 3rd. I reserved the right of closing the discussion of any and all subjects growing out of the lesson.

We began with the Acts of the Apostles. I have reason to know this Bible class did great good in sapping and mining the errors that were existing in the minds of the class. A leading physician made this statement before the class: "When I began with you, one year ago, I did not believe the divinity of our Savior. I do now. I come now to the Bible to be taught. I accept its teachings and submit to its authority." A new influence was now inaugurated in Berrien county, and the result was a growing influence in the village and county for evangelical religion. It was an exciting period in our national history. We passed through the summer without any unpleasantness until the firing upon Fort Sumter. Families then began to take sides. Soon came the attack of the U. S. troops in Baltimore. The time for neutrality had passed. I could hold back no longer. While the



blood of a revolutionary soldier flowed in my veins, I did not propose to stand idly by and see the flag of our nation insulted, our soldiers shot down, and not speak out as a man, and citizen, though minister of the gospel. This speaking out made my situation unpleasant.

At the meeting of our Presbytery of Kalamazoo, I was chosen commissioner to the General Assembly that met in Syracuse, N. Y. My wife accompanied me on her last visit to her parents near Syracuse. The Assembly met on the day the U. S. troops marched over the long bridge into Virginia. That night Col. Ellsworth was assassinated. When the Assembly met the next morning solemnity pervaded the entire body. Our country was the subject of the morning prayer meeting. After this came a committee on the state of the country, with Albert Barnes as chairman. The report of the committee was able, with the true ring in it.

This was my second attendance on our General Assembly. It was pleasant to meet so many whom I had known and loved. When we parted, it was to meet in the General Assembly of the redeemed. Most of that assembly have joined the great assembly whose names are written in heaven. We remained a few days after the close of our assembly. It was Mrs. Sherwood's last earthly visit with her



father and mother. They have all years ago met to part no more. We stopped a few days with my parents at the old homestead in Shelby, N. Y.

My father was then seventy-nine. It was my last visit with him. He died the next March on his eightieth birthday. I returned to Buchanan on the last of June and remained with them to the close of my second year when ended my engagement at Buchanan. The war became the all-engrossing subject. Little was done in churches. I was without any ministerial charge for some months. In October I was invited to the charge of the Presbyterian church, Cassopolis, Mich., the county seat of Cass county. I rented my home in Buchanan and removed to the parsonage of Cassopolis. Here I found a loyal people and warm hearted church, who gave us a Christian welcome. The leading elder and his wife I had known since 1828. We found this church a pleasant and inviting field for three years. During this time the Presbyterian church of Cassopolis attained a higher position than it ever held before. God crowned our efforts with His blessing. I closed my labors at this place October, 1865, but left my family here until I could go to North Western Missouri and determine whether I would enter that field. In order to consolidate all the work I did in Michigan, I here record a year's work done in

1876. During the month of March, 1876, after an absence of ten and a half years in Missouri, I received a letter from Mr. D. O. Roberts of Kalamazoo, Michigan, asking me to visit Kalamazoo and spend one year in North Kalamazoo in mission work. Being under the necessity of passing through there about the last of March, I replied to him, that I would stop and learn what they wanted done. On reaching Kalamazoo, on my journey east, I called to see Mr. Roberts and learn what he wanted and what material there was. I accepted their proposition, went east, attended to the business to be done, returned and entered upon my work in Kalamazoo the second Sabbath of April, 1876, with a sermon to the children of the mission Sabbath School at their chapel, built by the Sabbath school of the First Presbyterian church. At night I preached to those who had invited me to come there, and gather the elements out of which a Presbyterian church might be organized in North Kalamazoo. I there gave notice that I would be happy to meet all that would take hold of this enterprise. A few choice spirits of that locality came to the meeting. We adopted the following programme: Monday evening, prayer meeting for the willing workers; Wednesday evening, general prayer meeting; Sabbath morning, preaching at 10:30 A. M., Sabbath School at 2 P. M. and preaching

at 7:30 P. M. I was left to adopt such plans as my experience would suggest in ascertaining about the material to be employed in the organization.

North Kalamazoo was that portion of Kalamazoo cut off by the Central Michigan R. R., running through the city. There were at least 3000 inhabitants in this district. The only means of grace there was the Wood's Mission Sabbath School. Consequently the saloons, houses of ill fame, and wickedness generally, had congregated there. The police justice's docket showed the fruits of being thus left.

My first work was a moral survey of this field by house to house visitation, taking the name of the family, their religious preference, or church relations, whether Protestant, or Catholic, Jew or Gentile, white or black. I then knew what material that part of the town furnished. I found whole streets on which there was not a Christian family. Yet I was welcomed in every house I entered. I told my errand. I invited them to come to church Sabbath morning, and their children to Sabbath school. There were Catholic families that said they only wished their priests would come and talk with them as I did. Having learned the field, the next thing was to cultivate it for Christ. We had the promise in Ps. 126: 6: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless

come again, with rejoicing; bringing his sheaves with him." We ventured out on this promise of God. Commenced holding cottage meetings on Tuesday nights, and Friday nights. Our Monday night prayer meetings assured us that there was a working band in training for the cottage meetings. Our plan was a simple one. Finding a family that would welcome such a meeting at their home, we announced the place and time of meeting a week beforehand. The afternoon before the meeting we visited through the neighborhood from house to house, and invited all out to the meeting. The praying band were on time. We commenced the meeting with some familiar song followed by two or more prayers, then read an appropriate passage of scripture followed the reading with remarks on some truth in the lesson read. The meeting was then thrown open for song, remarks, or prayers. The praying band was ready to fill up the time for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then I would make some practical remarks, and ask if there were any present who desired to be remembered in the closing prayer. Almost every meeting developed one or more, who would arise, asking prayer for themselves. Before closing, the question was put if there were any present, who would like a similar meeting at their homes. Generally someone was ready with an invitation. The appointment was

made for next Tuesday night. On Wednesday was our general prayermeeting. All were invited to attend and the children were invited to the Sunday School. The adults were invited to the Sabbath service. On Friday night we went to another part of our field with a like meeting. In this way we were sowing gospel seed and watering it with prayer and song. It was not long before sheaves began to come in at the Wednesday night meeting in the testimony of new born souls, telling to sinners all around what a precious Savior they had found. It was marvelous what such a course of Christian effort accomplished in the twelve months that I remained in North Kalamazoo. We not only gathered a full chapel on the Sabbath but it was often full on Wednesday night to hear the testimonies of the young converts. For nearly six months there was not a Wednesday night passed but brought some new testimony of what Christ had done for some one that week. There were a large number, about eighty, who professed hope in Christ and signed the pledge to become members of the church when the organization should take place. Saloons were dried up, houses of prostitution became houses of prayer. There was one notorious place where were a saloon and a dance house, with the upper story devoted to rooms of prostitution, all run by one man. Being in that

neighborhood one day, I heard that the keeper had been stricken down with palsy. I went to see him. I found him on a bed in the dance hall, repeating this short prayer, "God have mercy on my poor soul." I knelt beside his bed, and prayed for him. While at prayer a female entered the room. As I arose from prayer, I saw her weeping. As I approached her, she said: "Mr. Sherwood, I know that I ought to be a better woman than I am. I had a praying mother. When I came into this room and heard the voice of prayer it brought back those early impression of my life." The day before the stricken man died, he said to his brother: "Take down that saloon sign, I do not want to die in this house with that sign on it." In less than two weeks from that time they carried the poor man out of the dance hall, and buried him. We held a prayer meeting there, and in less than three weeks they opened a Sabbath School in that hall!

The union evangelist meetings conducted by Major Whittle and P. P. Bliss in the fall of 1876 were a great help in our work. It was near the close of Mr. Bliss' labors. He had reached the Beulahland; there was glory in his soul. He left to all precious evidence he was fitted for the employment and enjoyments of that heavenly residence to which he was so soon to be transported. Their labors were crowned with precious and lasting results.



They left Kalamazoo on the last day of November, 1876. On the last day of December of the same year, P. P. Bliss and his lovely wife perished in that awful wreck at Ashtabula, Ohio. Not a memorial was left of either of them but what they had done while living. Illustrating the sentiment of Bliss' own hymn, "Only remembered by what I have done."

We continued our systematic work, holding our cottage meetings in different parts of North Kalamazoo. The congregation seemed gathered and to my mind the time had come for the organization of the church. Our helpers were from the Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches. While fully in sympathy with the work accomplished, they had not yet assimilated their belief so that they could covenant together in church fellowship.

While waiting, they lost several who would have gone into the organization if it had taken place before I left. It was a glorious year's work, and the results were permanent, as I can testify from the two Sabbaths I spent with them in September of 1883, which enabled me to see how the work of 1876 appeared six years after.

I will let one of the trustees of the First Presbyterian church give his opinion: "Mr. Sherwood, you did in that year's work what would take ten



years in the usual routine of pastoral work to have accomplished."

I closed my year's work on the second Sabbath of April, 1877. The fruits were a full chapel congregation gathered with eighty-two person's names, to a solemn covenant henceforth to live Christian lives.

We now resume our narrative of removal from Michigan to Missouri in the spring of 1866.

At the close of my engagement at Cassopolis, I received a letter from my brother, Dr. Willis M. Sherwood, who had removed to St. Joseph, Missouri, calling my attention to North Western Missouri as a field of ministerial labor, asking me to visit him and look over that destitute region.

I made provision for my family to remain in the parsonage at Cassopolis and left on the first week in November, 1865, for St. Joseph. I had a quick and safe passage and spent my first Sabbath at Savannah, Andrew county. This town had been a Presbyterian center, since the settlement of the Rev. Elijah Carson there in 1840, on the opening of the Platte Purchase. He had done good pioneer work in organizing the first Presbyterian church in the bounds of said purchase about ten miles northwest of Savannah, and about three miles this side of Fillmore. He also organized the New School church at Savannah, and built them a meeting

house. He organized the Presbyterian church at Weston, Platte county. Returning from Savannah I met Rev. B. B. Parsons, D.D., who was pastor of the newly organized Westminister church of St. Joseph, who informed me that a minister was wanted at Weston, the old field of the Rev. Frederick Starr, from Rochester, N. Y. I visited Weston and found there the Rev. George W. Goodale at the head of an academy. He was also supplying the Presbyterian church that had been resuscitated by Dr. Norton of Alton, Ill., and himself, and put into working order. I was invited to remain and spend the following Sabbath with them. I did so, and preached twice. I was asked to take charge of the church. They were in possession of a brick church house and a nice brick cottage as a prsonage. I took board with Brother Goodale, and entered upon a supply of the pulpit and looking after the scattered sheep of that once interesting fold. I worked on until the first of May, when I returned to Michigan for my family. My eldest daughter had decided to remain in Michigan as the wife of Dr. Thomas W. Anderson, who had prepared a home for her at Marshall, Mich. My son, Charles, came on from Albion, N. Y., where he had been for two years fitting himself for a druggist, that we might once more as a family be together. While it gave us great pleasure to

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meet once more, yet the fact that we were soon to separate and all go their several ways, cast over us a cloud of gloom. At last, the arrangement being completed, a few friends came in to witness the marriage of our daughter to Dr. Thomas W. Anderson. After the ceremony the good-byes were said, and they immediately left for Marshall, Mich. My son left with them for Albion, N. Y. My wife and daughter Sarah, left with me for Weston, Missouri, where the parsonage had been put in order and was waiting for us. On arrival at St. Joseph, Mo., we spent a few days with Brother Willis and family and then entered upon the work opened to us in Missouri.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WORK IN MISSOURI.

I am now fifty-six years old. I had been thirty years an ordained minister and twenty-nine years in active work. I was thus bordering upon that age when many ministers are looking for a field where they may be quiet. I had entered one where the desolation of two wars were felt and seen. The border war began the desolation of the Weston church, and the war of the rebellion nearly finished it. We found the parsonage a nice home, and what was left of the church kind and considerate; we enjoyed the time we spent there. I gave a good deal of my energies to the Sabbath School and at our Christmas festival, there was a good impression made upon the citizens of Weston. Our congregations increased and there was spiritual interest developed in the congregations. Had we been left to prosecute the work of restoring the desolation of the Weston church, we should have had growth in Sabbath School and the church. We had not been long there before orders came from headquarters to go to Breckenridge, Caldwell county,

and gather the professed members of a Presbyterian church, and organize them, and put them in working order by ordaining elders and choosing deacons. I asked the church of Weston what I should do. They said, go. I went and did the work so satisfactorily that it laid the foundation for my appointment ere long as Presbyterial missionary of the Lexington Presbytery. I continued at Weston, till the next year. At the spring meeting of Lexington Presbytery I was chosen commissioner to the General Assembly to meet in Rochester, N. Y., on the third Thursday of May that year. My brother Willis was lay commissioner.

We left in season to reach Rochester for the opening services. This was my third attendance on the assembly. In the make up of the committees, I was given a place on the judicial committee which brought me in contact with some of the best minds in the assembly. This meeting was a good school as a preparation for the work that was opening out to me. On my return from the assembly I found the way was opening for me to enter upon the work of a Presbyterial missionary within the bounds of the old Lexington Presbytery. I received my appointment from New York city, and entered upon work. Accordingly, I removed my family to St. Joseph where my son had bought and

opened a drug store. Thus we were brought once more together. My son joined the family, after a separation of four years. In entering upon the work of a Presbyterial missionary, I found a field that covered twenty-five counties, including the cities of St. Joseph and Kansas City. There was at that time the New School church of Savannah, with Rev. T. Reevis as a supply; Rev. B. B. Parsons, D.D., pastor of Westminster Church St. Joseph; the church of Weston supplied by Rev. George W. Goodale; the second church of Kansas city, Rev. Timothy Hill pastor; the church which I had organized at Breckenridge, supplied by the Rev. Joel Kennedy; and the church of Mt. Zion at Gentryville vacant. There were Rev. Elijah A. Carson and the Rev. Mr. Morgan without charge. The Rev. Seth G. Clark about this time had organized a small church at Holden, and was supplying it. This was all the working force of the Lexington Presbytery in twenty-six counties in North Western Missouri. There were three kinds of work expected of the Presbyterial Missionary:

1st. Caring for the destitute churches; 2nd. Gathering up the churches scattered by the war; 3d. Organizing new churches where there was material for them, and assisting in procuring funds to build churches. I had already helped the people of Breckenridge to funds that enabled them to erect a small church.

In December, 1867, Maryville, the county seat of Nodaway county, opened an inviting field for the organization of a Presbyterian church. I visited there early in December. The Methodist church was tendered us for holding some meetings. I accepted their offer and began a series of meetings in their house. The word took effect. Backsliders returned to duty in penitence. I circulated a paper for such to sign as were ready to enter into the organization of a Presbyterian church. Sixteen persons on the 13th of December, 1867, presented themselves for the purpose. Their letters were found in order. One young lady came on confession of her faith. They entered into covenant with God and each other. They chose Daniel Giger, John Edwards, Esq., and John Blair as their elders. They were ordained and installed to that office. They were then declared the Union Presbyterian Church of Maryville, Missouri. The reason why the word 'Union' was prefixed to Maryville, was that there were no less than five different kinds of Presbyterians that entered into the make up of the church. In November 1867, I visited Easton, twelve miles east of St. Joseph, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph R. R. On a careful canvass I found much that was hopeful. On a second visit I drew up the following paper: "We, the undersigned, believing the doctrine and receiving the



polity of the Presbyterian Church, do by these presents associate ourselves together for the purpose of organizing a church and congregation in Easton, Mo." Twenty-two signed this paper. I then rented a hall for religious meeting, gave notice of preaching next Sabbath, and preached a sermon in the hall at the time appointed. After sermon twenty-two persons came forward for membership. Those having letters presented them. The others were examined and found worthy. They covenanted with Almighty God and each other. They chose officers who were ordained and installed. The first Sabbath in January was fixed upon for the first communion season at Easton. I went down on Saturday to hold our preparatory meeting. Four new members came forward to unite with the church on the morrow. It was the earnest of God's blessing on the Sabbath. The presence of the Great Head of the church was manifest at the first communion season. So much so, that we thought best to protract the services for nearly four weeks. There were some very marked displays of God's saving power. For example: On closing my sermon one night, a gentleman arose and asked the privilege of speaking. I said, "You can; if you will speak for Christ. Speak on." Said he, "When I first came to this meeting, I had on my person a pistol I had worn for two years. I never

left home without seeing that it was in order, well capped and ready for any emergency. Under a sermon which you preached, I saw myself as I never had before. I realized I had a heart that was desperately wicked and I had enough to attend to to get my heart right. The first question that presented itself was: Will you leave your pistol at home? Here was a point that tried me; for I had determined to shoot a certain man on the first provocation. It took me a whole day to bring my heart to say yes. I said it. Then another question arose: Will you forgive the man you determined to kill? It took me two days to settle that question. I forgave him, and God forgave me." Turning to the father of the man he wanted to kill, he went on: "And I forgive you," and reached his hand towards the old father. The old gentleman extended his hand. They clasped and shook hands, and drew together, until they could lay heads on each others shoulders; there they wept like children. The hall was packed. Others looked on until they caught the weeping spirit. From that night the pistols were out of that congregation. Many a deadly feud from that night was settled in Easton. There was another no less marked case. A leading young lady of Easton at the close of my sermon arose to go forward to the seat that penitents were to occupy. As she at-

tempted to step, she fell her whole length forward. She was caught by a lady friend and supported in a reclining posture. Prayer was offered for her and the large number who came forward. When she fell it seemed as though half of the congregation were on their feet in a moment. I waved my hand for them to be seated. When I quieted them, I used the event as best I could.

The young lady could not rise to her feet for some time after the services closed. She was removed to a friend's home, near by. She was present the next night. When the invitation was given for those who wished to be subjects of prayer she started to go forward, and fell again. After the prayer, she arose to her feet and said God had heard prayer in her behalf. Her load of guilt was gone, her strength had come back, joy filled her heart. Her testimony had a marked effect upon those who were there both nights. She went home that night rejoicing that she had been born again. During the four weeks of our meeting, seventy-six came forward to the church making with those who united on the first Sabbath eighty new members, giving us a church of 103 members; the society was incorporated according to the laws of the state, and trustees chosen. A lot for a meeting house was secured. A subscription was started headed by one man with \$300.00, and in less than

one year, we had a church house, 60x40 feet, finished and dedicated. At the spring meeting we reported the largest church in Lexington Presbytery. It was made up of a strange medley from different sections of our own country, New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, Ohioans, Kentuckians, and native Missourians, trained in different churches. One quarter of them were from the Reformed Presbyterian Church; quite a number were Lutherans, only a fraction of them were trained up in the Presbyterian faith. Some were from the Cumberlandlands. If I could have given myself wholly to them I believe I could have brought about an assimilation that would have made them a strong church. We had not ministers to meet the exigencies of the occasion. I did the best I could for them. What they needed was a resident pastor. We introduced a minister there; but he cared more for the fleece than he did for the flock. He did not hold those we had committed to him. Under him they began to scatter; some removed to other places, some drew off to other churches, organized near them. Mr. Hugh Carmichel one of the converts who was made elder, has remained at his post, has kept a fast hold of the Sabbath School, is an honor to the church and a blessing to those around him.

In June, 1869, I organized a church of six

members at Osborn, Dekalb county, on the R. R. line. The Rev. C. W. Higgins had made a home for his growing family at this point, had gathered an efficient Sabbath School, had built a small meeting house, and had drawn around him those that feared God and worked righteousness. The church grew, and out of it came three efficient Presbyterian ministers. The youth trained in this Sabbath School are doing a good work for Christ wherever God in His Providence has cast their lot. This church like others, who were made up from emigrant population, has suffered by removals and death.

During the year 1869, Rev. Joel Kennedy, pastor of Breckenridge church, in his labors in the region beyond his own field found in New York Settlement eight miles west of Breckenridge a people who desired gospel privileges. He visited them, held meetings with them from time to time. They asked that a church might be organized there. I visited them late in this autumn, holding meetings evenings, and visiting from house to house by day. An interest was awakened, and a goodly number, more women than men, gave their names as candidates for church membership. They were the best citizens of the Settlement. Some of the men whose wives had given their names pledged to support the enterprise if we would organize. I

did organize the Presbyterian church of New York Settlement. They chose their elder who was ordained and set over them. A deacon was set apart to his duties. They passed to the care of Brother Kennedy. They have grown, built a meeting house and are exerting a happy Christian influence on that prosperous Settlement. Would that we had such a church in scores of towns in the bounds of Platte Presbytery!

I was soon called to Wheeling on the same R. R., at the eastern limit of Platte Presbytery, to organize a Presbyterian church. I went down in November and complied with their wishes, ordaining and installing an elder and a deacon over them. They were grouped with Chillicothe. They have never been cared for as they ought to have been.

Three miles from Market Square in St. Joseph, on the Upper Amazonia road is a good country school house where my brother Willis had conducted a Sabbath School composed of children of the families within a circumference of two miles. The people within this radius were mostly non-church-goers, and took but little interest in religious matters. The Sabbath School was a mission school of the Westminister church of St. Joseph. Mr. Logan Maxwell and others had invited me to hold a series of meetings at that school house. Friday, November 5th, was the time agreed



upon to commence our meetings. I went to the school house in season to give notice in the school of our meetings. A good congregation gathered at the first meeting. There were evident tokens at this meeting that the Holy Spirit had gone before, preparing the way for a precious ingathering of souls into the fold of the Great Shepherd. There being no school on Saturday we held meetings Saturday afternoon and night, with two services on the Sabbath. At the Sabbath morning meeting I asked for the first expression of feeling. A number arose. The meeting at night indicated increased interest. Monday was devoted to calling on those who had publicly expressed interest. My sermon Monday night was on repentance. All through the house there was weeping. From this time the revival interest went steadily forward. New cases of interest developed at every meeting. The days except Saturday and Sabbath were devoted to calling on all classes. Our preaching service at night was preceded by a thirty minute prayer meeting for God's special blessing on *that* night's service. Thus we worked on for three weeks. Thirty-eight gave their names as candidates for membership in a new church to be organized at the school house. Five persons presented letters of dismission, making forty-three. Thirty-one of the converts received baptism. The converts then



gave their assent to the fundamental doctrines of the Presbyterian church. Then the forty-three entered into covenant with God and each other, this act constituting them a church of the Lord Jesus Christ. They took the name of Oak Grove church in connection with Platte Presbytery, the legal successor of the Lexington and Upper Missouri Presbyteries by virtue of the union of the Old and New School General Assemblies at Pittsburgh. They chose Logan Maxwell and Joshua Haxen elders. These brethren having answered the constitutional questions were set apart to the eldership by laying on of hands and prayer. I was requested to supply them every alternate Sabbath.

The question of building a meeting house was settled by the donation of a desirable lot from Logan Maxwell and a contribution from the Brick church of Rochester, N. Y., which enabled them to build the following season. On finishing up my work at Oak Grove, I accepted an invitation from the United Church of Savannah to conduct a series of meetings at their church, Rev. J. Emery Fisher a licentiate being their supply. On reaching Savannah, I asked for a meeting of all who desired my services. They assembled as soon as they could. I asked them for what intent had they sent for me. They replied, "We thought the time had come to do something for our fami-

lies and church." I asked them how many there were in their congregation who could be reached by an honest effort for their salvation. They named over some twenty-five. I took down their names, and requested the list copied, and that they be made subjects of special prayer. The first meeting was held in the brick church. Brother Carson invited me to make his house my home while in Savannah. We arranged for two services, one at 2 P. M., the other at 7:30 P. M. My first sermon was written. The forty that I preached after that I did not take even a scrap of paper into the pulpit. They were carefully prepared extempore sermons. My first call was on the third night after a sermon from Jer. 17:9, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Mr. John Tynor, a leading merchant led and fourteen followed him to front seats. The waters of life were unsealed, and most of the fifteen drank that night; and were made partakers of eternal life, and entered into Christian service. Our afternoon meetings were precious seasons. There were marked cases of answer to prayer. A wife was brought to Christ by the agonizing prayer of her husband, converted in the early part of the meeting. There was a little child came forward alone only nine years old. I asked her why she came forward. She replied with clear tone of voice:

“Mr. Sherwood, ever since you preached that we must have new hearts or we could not see the Kingdom of God, I have wanted a new heart. I have come to ask you to pray that God would give me a new heart.” The child’s answer produced a sensation that was felt in that full house. God gave her a new heart. I met her eight years after. She was then a young lady of seventeen, in her junior year in the full seminary course of study. Her pastor told me she was the most consecrated young person in his church, a practical missionary among the colored children of Jacksonville, Ill. The work of grace widened and deepened, taking hold on business men, professional men, lawyers and judges. We worked four weeks, carrying the revival interest through and over the holiday season up to the first Sabbath of January, 1870, on which day we received fifty-seven to the communion of the Union Church. These were the fruits of the thirty days and nights of hard work. The number embraced many heads of families, judges of the county courts, lawyers, merchants, business men, the head of the Union school, with some of the promising youth of Savannah. Twelve years after, I met Rev. J. Emery Fisher on the floor of the General Assembly. In speaking of the meeting at Savannah, he said: “Mr. Sherwood, I have never seen such a meeting as the one

you conducted in Savannah. Will you not come and conduct one in my present field?" Sometime after this he wrote me to come to his help, but I could not.

On closing at Savannah, I was invited by Rev. Edward Cooper, D.D., of Atchison, Kans, to assist him in a series of meetings in his church at Atchison. This was the gentleman who had written up the work my lectures to boatmen accomplished in the Syracuse daily of which he was the editor at that time. He thought if I could do such a work among boatmen, I could do something for the good people of Atchison. His church at this time was not the leading church in Atchison. They were worshiping in a square hall on the second floor. Dr. Cooper had some able men and excellent families in his church. It did not draw the multitude. The work there was from house to house and hand to hand, very different from the work I had left at Savannah. We visited during the day; I preached at night in the hall. It was a profitable meeting for that church; many of them took their soundings and found themselves where they ought not to be, and returned to duty reconsecrating themselves to the Lord and becoming mediums through which God brought salvation to their prayerless husbands and their baptised children. The waters of life did not rise high

enough to impart their saving power to the many that were living without God, and without hope. It was a blessing to the church and the pastor. They have passed out from the shadows of the other denominations. They have now one of the finest church buildings in eastern Kansas. Their number on the roll of Presbytery is primus. When I was called there as a supply during the sickness of their pastor, I found them the drawing congregation of Atchison.

While I was assisting Dr. Cooper, I had a call from Dr. Timothy Hill, who at that time was overseer of Home Missions in the state of Missouri. He came to consult about our church work at Chillicothe. Our missionary had disaffected the elders and trustees and their families. The church was closed, and Dr. Hill feared all was lost. But he wished me to go there and see what I could do. My instructions were to go on there as soon as I could, and save the church if possible. The church at Chillicothe was organized by the Upper Missouri Presbytery. During the war it had been badly scattered. On the union of the Presbyteries of Upper Missouri and Lexington, Platte Presbytery became the legal successor and sent a Home Missionary who was not as wise as Solomon,—who disgusted the elders and trustees of the church, so that they would not go near him. The meeting

house was turned into a school house and the missionary was running a school.

I found there three parties, the elders and trustees, five families who were in sympathy with the south, and quite a party that were in sympathy with the missionary. His party had in it some members of the church in good standing and more that had no standing. After looking over the situation and earnest prayer, I came to the conclusion that if I could bring about the return of the families, who had southern sympathies, their reunion with the official members would save the church, and put us in a position where we could begin work again. My visit to the five families was successful. I appointed a meeting; the union was effected. The members who had been acting with the missionary came in with us. The Holy Spirit was present with power. We held meetings at night, and visited among the people during the day. Sabbath night a young married couple asked for admission to the church on profession of their faith and baptism. We received them and baptised them. This was God's seal to the work I had begun among that people. From that night the Holy Spirit rested upon the congregation. The saving grace of God was manifest for three weeks. We gathered in twenty-two members so that not only was the church saved but it was firmly united



and greatly strengthened, and took rank as one of our better churches. I visited them every alternate Sabbath until they settled a pastor who remained with them for years.

I soon met Dr. Hill; he took me by the hand and said: "Brother Sherwood, you did for Chillicothe what I thought no man could do." I told him that it was God working through me who did it. During the time I was supplying them, a lady came to me after sermon and asked me to visit her sick husband before I left town. I found him the boldest infidel I had ever met. He was a lawyer. I read the Bible and prayed with him. As I was about leaving, he said, "Call again. I want to show you how an infidel can die." His wife followed me into the hall and asked me to covenant with her to pray that God would save him. "I can not see him die," she said, "without making an honest effort for his salvation." I covenanted with her. I called four times on him, and saw the effect of the honest effort for his salvation. On my fifth visit, I was met as I stepped from the car, by a messenger requesting me to go directly to the home of the sick man. I complied. I was shown to his room. As I entered, he said: "I sent for you to tell of the great change I have experienced since you called on me. I want publicly to confess Christ before my children and all others. I want



to be baptised a Christian, and confess Christ at the communion table." I said to him, "I will have the session of the church meet here this afternoon, who will receive you to their church. I will administer to you the sacraments of the church and enroll your name among God's people." This met his wishes. The session came. He told us the great change he had passed through. He was accepted and I baptised him. The Lord's table was spread; he ate and drank in honor of Christ Jesus his Savior. Before two weeks came around he died a Christian and not an infidel. Mrs. Wait made an honest effort. In her wrestling with God, she prayed herelf into the Beulah land; she lived there. Her pastor told me that it was almost marvelous what power she had in prayer. The conversion of the infidel husband and the four children attested the truth of the apostle James, "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much."

In August, 1870, the Rev. Dr. Hill wrote asking me to go to Moberly, Randolph county, Mo., a new town on the St. Louis and Northern Missouri R. R. A church was wanted there; if the way opened, organize it. The way opened. On canvassing three days, I found twenty-nine who signed the following paper: "We, the undersigned, believing the doctrine and receiving the polity of

the Presbyterian church, do by these presents associate ourselves together for the purpose of organizing and sustaining a Presbyterian church and congregation at Moberly, Mo." Having enlisted that number I thought we ought to have a drill before we entered into an engagement with those we had to meet. I had learned that Palmyra Presbytery had lost two engagements for the want of a proper drill before they attempted to go into action. The only place that I could find for drill was in a Baptist Church. Securing this, I gave notice of preaching there twice on the Sabbath. On Sabbath morning I preached the first sermon that had been preached there by a northern minister since the beginning of the war, which split the synod of the old school churches. We were greeted with a good audience. In the evening we fixed upon the first Sabbath of September as the day for organizing a Presbyterian church at Moberly, a preparatory meeting to be held on the Saturday before at 2 o'clock P. M. I returned to St. Joseph, and spent the intervening time in meeting the accumulating work growing upon my hands.

I returned to Moberly on the first of September, and found a protracted meeting in the Cumberland Presbyterian church under the lead of two Southern Presbyterian ministers. That was the way they

had defeated two attempts of the Palmyra brethren to organize. They drew away one of the twenty-nine, a young man. We met according to appointment. On Saturday the recruits were there save the one. Their letters were in order. We attended to all the preliminaries. After a sermon on Sabbath morning, the action of Saturday was rehearsed, the names of the candidates for membership were called, each taking his place in front of the pulpit, and entering into covenant with God and each other. They then chose Messrs. T. McKay Wilson and Richard Jackson elders. After answering the constitutional questions they were set apart to their work and installed as overseers of the church. They were then declared the Presbyterian church of Moberly, Mo. The Lord's table was then spread and the supper administered. The presence of the Great Head was realized as His blessing on work done. The action taken was reported to stated clerk of Palmyra Presbytery. I then commended them to God and His watchful care. They lengthened their cords and strengthened their stakes. They are the third in membership of Palmyra Presbytery.

I gave what remained of this year to Oak Grove, Phelps City and Willow Brook. The year was one of blessed results. It opened with the ingathering of the rich harvest of Savannah, and included the

saving of the church of Chillicothe, the work at Moberly where there had been two failures, the resuscitation of Willow Brook and getting a subscription for church house.

1871.—The second Sabbath of January of this year I spent at Rockport the county seat of Atchison County. This church was organized by the Upper Missouri Presbytery before the union took place. After the English Grove church four miles from there took the Southern shoot, this division operated against the growth of our denomination in this locality. I was requested to give one Sabbath out of every month to Rockport, for the ensuing year, the third Sabbath to Oak Grove, the fourth Sabbath to Phelps City. On the fifth Sabbath, I was invited to begin a series of meetings at Filmore, then supplied by Rev. J. N. Young. I began at the time appointed and preached twice a day for two weeks. Fifteen were received to the Filmore church. Two of these members were daughters of the pastor. Willow Brook asked for a series of meetings. I spent a week with them. It was a precious week in the addition of substantial members. I baptized one of the converts at the age of sixty-seven. This week's labors forwarded measures for the completion of their house of worship. The last week in February I gave to the North St. Joseph mission, with an efficient

Sabbath School, preparing the way for organizing another church at the right time. The months of March and April were given to the new churches under my care. In May I was called to Daviess county. In the early settlement of this county Rev. Artemas Bullard, D.D., of the First Presbyterian church of St. Louis, the real superintendent of Home Missions for the Synod of Missouri, sent up to this county a young man, a licentiate by the name of Henderson, who was in search of a field of ministerial labor. He was directed to Clear Creek in Daviess County. He there gathered a congregation. Rev. Timothy Morgan, of Gentry County, came to his aid and organized what was known as the Clear Creek Presbyterian church. Not long after this he was taken sick and died. The place of his burial is unknown. The Clear Creek church was the only memorial he left. This was scattered by the war.

I was requested to visit there and gather together what could be found. On going there I found the members left were living miles from the old center of the church and its significant name. Therefore it was deemed advisable to change the name to Bethel, and build their meeting house in the center of the membership now there. They built themselves a pleasant church house which I assisted in dedicating to the worship of the Triune God.

They are grouped with the Gallatin church. On the 29th of April, 1871, in connection with Rev. Duncan McRuer, I organized the Presbyterian church of Gallatin with eleven members. A. McDowell and B. Callahan were chosen elders, ordained and installed over the new church. I remained and preached on Sabbath, received one new member after which I administered to them the Lord's supper, returning on Monday to St. Joseph. During the month of May I pursued my round among the unsupplied churches. The General Assembly met at Chicago this year. I took a few days to look in upon them and learned some important things. Then I dropped down and visited my daughter and family at Berrien Springs, Mich., and was much refreshed with a week's rest.

At the fall meeting of Presbytery they adjourned to meet at Lathrop on the ninth of October, to ordain and install licentiate Joseph H. France, if the way was clear. My appointment on Sabbath the 8th was at Rockport seventy-five miles northwest from St. Joseph. Presbytery was to meet on Monday the 9th, forty-five miles south-east of St. Joseph. I saw no way to reach there but to withdraw my night appointment and go over to the R. R. five miles and take the ten o'clock train for St. Joseph; which I did in the most terrific wind storm I ever encountered. I reached home at midnight



and learned that the city of Chicago was all on fire. I caught only four hours sleep, and at 6 A. M., took the train for Lathrop. The storm prevented a quorum and we had to wait until a quorum came. Presbytery was constituted on the 10th, the candidate received from Kansas City Presbytery, and examined, his examination was sustained and he was ordained and installed. The young pastor and his wife presented their first-born son for baptism. He was baptized. Since then I have baptised another son and daughter for these dear parents. He is now pastor of a church of about five hundred members. On the 20th of October, being in the vicinity of the Synod of Iowa, I looked in upon our neighbors on the north. I was cordially received and spent a pleasant and profitable day with them. I found Rev. Luther Dodd without a charge and asked him to come over to help us. He came and spent some years in Atchison County, Mo., in labors for Christ and the upbuilding of our churches in that county. On the 4th of October I visited Hackberry Ridge and preached at their school house, which visit led to a series of meetings, the organization of a church and the building of a good frame church within a year from this time. On the following Sabbath I dedicated the new church at Oak Grove and received two members into the church. November 5th, we



dedicated the new church at Willow Brook to the worship of God, followed with some special meetings. The annual thanksgiving was spent with my family.

The month of December was divided between Willow Brook, Barnard, Filmore, a series of meetings at Rosendale, and a series at Hackberry Ridge which led to the organization of a church there, closing the year 1871 with a precious ingathering of converts for Christ.

1872.—Spent New Year's with my family. On the next day I received my commission as Presbyterian Missionary for this current year. After visiting Dr. Hill at Kansas City, and settling on plans of work for the coming year, I visited Willow Brook and spent four days with them. Then I went to Barnard to hold a communion service; had a preparatory meeting Saturday and examined candidates for membership, preached at night, and on the Sabbath. Received the new members, administered the Lord's Supper, preaching also at night. After returning home, I went to Easton, and married Dr. George Loomis to Franke Scoviel. At home I found a letter from Rev. J. H. France, asking for my help in a meeting at Lathrop. Before going there I went to Hackberry, preached there twice. At Lathrop I preached twice every day for eight days, and received six into the church

as the fruit of the labors. Returned to St. Joseph and found an accumulation of letters demanding answers at once. On Saturday, I left for Barnard, preached on Sabbath, receiving into the church and baptizing Ida Jane McCandless; returned home Monday. By request I went to Osborn on Wednesday and visited Mr. George A. McKinlay, who was considering the question, "Ought I to give myself to the work of the ministry of the gospel?" We had a full consideration of the above question. He decided to begin a course of preparation which I suggested for him. He has been a useful minister twenty years. I returned home, but left at once for Filmore, where I preached three times and held a session meeting. On Friday, February 23d, I went down to Weston, preached that night, and spent Saturday visiting families, preaching again at night. Three interesting cases offered themselves for membership to the church. John and George Brill and Mrs. Laura Maitland, the only daughter of the Rev. George W. Goodale. They were examined and accepted by the session. Mr. John Cameron and wife from Montreal, Canada, were received by letter. After sermon on Sabbath morning these persons were admitted to church fellowship. The work continued till Tuesday night when Mr. Solomon Wallace came forward asking for membership. After being examined, received

and baptized, he entered into covenant with the church. I left the church hopeful, returning home March 1st. March 2nd, I left for Willow Brook where I preached two sermons on the Sabbath. Monday was devoted to changing residences from 8th to 10th street. The next Saturday I went up to Barnard, and preached two sermons on the Sabbath. At five P. M., on Monday, I left for Quincy to meet my wife, on her return from Michigan.

Thursday took me to Filmore, where I preached that night, Friday and Saturday nights. On Sabbath I preached and received and baptized Mrs. Root, a lady seventy-six years old. The next day after my return home, I left for Bethel church, Daviess County. Rev. Mr. Pinkerton was there. On Friday I preached the first sermon in their new church house, preaching also at night and Saturday morning. Brother Pinkerton preached Saturday night. Four persons came forward to the church. Sunday March 24th, I preached and dedicated their new church house to the worship of God. After this I received the four candidates for membership to the church, two by letter and two on profession of their faith. Brother Pinkerton then administered the Lord's Supper, and preached at night. The house was packed both times. On Monday I preached at 11 A. M.

and at 7 P. M., and, after preaching on Tuesday at 11 A. M. I took my leave of this people who had endeared themselves to us by their kindness. Bethel is near Gallatin, and there I met the clerk of the session and reviewed the minutes of the Gallatin church beside assisting him in making his report to Presbytery. Preached at night in the courthouse, and left for home next morning, but went on the same night to Weston. Sabbath, March 31st, was Easter, and I preached on the resurrection, followed by an evening service.

April 2nd the spring meeting of Platte Presbytery was held at Savannah. I was unexpectedly called to preach the opening sermon. It fell to me to preside until Rev. M. L. Anderson was chosen moderator. Wednesday came my report on mission work done, also the report of a committee on Sabbath Schools. I spoke Thursday on the relation of the church to Sabbath Schools. Friday returned home to attend to my correspondence. The next Sabbath was spent at Willow Brook, and after a visit to Hamilton, I went to Wheeling where I spent

Sabbath, speaking words of encouragement to a discouraged people. Returned home on my sixtieth birthday. My diary reads: "Thirty six years I have been a minister of Christ's gospel. Oh! what a privilege to do and suffer, for One who has suffered so much for me!"

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Saturday April 27th, a telegram came from Mr. James McCandless of Barnard, that his adopted daughter Ida Jane had died. I hurried away on the first train and preached her funeral sermon on Sabbath morning. In the afternoon I married Mr. John V. Nelson of Maryville to Miss Lizzie Baringer of Bolckow. On Friday, May 3, I was called to Mound City to organize a Presbyterian church.

Sunday May 5th, I preached from 1 Tim. 3:15: The church of the living God, the ground and pillar of truth. After sermon, six persons presented themselves as desiring the organization of a Presbyterian church at Mound City. These persons accepted the doctrines and received the form of government of the Presbyterian church. They covenanted with Almighty God and each other. They then chose W. W. Frazier as elder. He was duly ordained and installed overseer of the new church. The Lord's table was then spread and the sacrament of the Supper was administered. I returned home on Monday and spent the week there. Saturday May 11th I went to Hackberry to prepare for the organization of a Presbyterian church there on the morrow, preaching at night and also on Sabbath morning. At three o'clock, Dr. Cruickshank came over from Savannah to assist. Twenty-six candidates presented them-

selves, the majority of them were the fruit of the series of meetings held the last week of December, 1871. They accepted the doctrines of and received the polity of the Presbyterian church, covenanted with God and each other. John Legget, Theodore Hunter and Elijah Martin were chosen elders. These brethern were ordained and set over this church. I returned home Monday.

May 18th, went to Filmore, and had an evening service. A session meeting was held and three members were suspended from the communion of the church. Sunday May 19th, communion was held, the sermon being from John 11:56: The Feast and its Guest. I went to Breckenridge on Wednesday and reviewed the records of that church. Sabbath was spent at Barnard. Saturday June 1st, I went to Mirabile and preached Sabbath morning and night, returning Monday. A week later I went to Barnard and met those who were anxious to build a meeting house. A subscription paper was drawn up and received a fair start. Made calls Saturday on families, preaching at 2 P. M. a sermon preparatory to the communion. James Garvin and wife were received by letter. Christopher Baker, and James Garvin were chosen deacons. Preached on Sunday and administered the Lord's Supper. Thursday June 13th, Henry Page M. D., was married to my niece, Miss Carrie

O. Cheeseman, at Dr. Willis M. Sherwood's, St. Joseph.

The next Sabbath was spent at Filmore. On Friday June 21st, I went to Albany, Gentry County, to begin a series of meetings, on invitation of Rev. Duncan McRuer, stated supply; preached Friday and Saturday nights. Sabbath morning sixteen candidates were examined by the session and accepted. Three were baptized. Rev. McRuer administered the Lord's Supper. I preached at night and found deep interest. A children's meeting was held on the 24th. We continued the meetings, visiting during each day until July 2d, when I visited Martinsville and preached on "Our Mission; Saving the Lost." The next day I was again at Albany and on Thursday, July 4th, I returned home.

Saturday July 6th took me to Forest City to examine that church. After an interview with the session, it seemed best for me to stay over the Sabbath, and preach in the Baptist church. After sermon, the congregation requested me to supply them once a month until the meeting of Presbytery. The 13th was spent at Barnard; preached twice on the Sabbath.

On the 19th I went to Filmore, and held a meeting at 3 o'clock. On Sabbath I called a meeting at 2 o'clock of all the children of Filmore and



their parents; gave them a talk on Sunday School and organized a Sunday School. Wednesday, July 24th, a letter came to me from Dr. Wilson, Secretary of the Board of Church Election, containing a draft for one thousand dollars requesting me to act as their agent in seeing to the title and conveyance of a church belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists of Hamilton. I went down to Hamilton that night, and spent the next day in examining papers pertaining to the transfer of the property. They were defective and I demanded that a new deed be made. On August 2nd, a letter reached me from Hamilton saying that everything had been made right. When I went down I found the business done wrong. I told them I would not pay over a cent of money until everything was right, and hence returned home and deposited the money in bank. The evening of August 3d I preached in Forest City. The church chose Mr. John Demuth elder. Having already been ordained and having served in that capacity, he was immediately installed. Mrs. France presented a letter from the Fourth Presbyterian church of Washington City, D. C., and she was received. Sabbath morning after sermon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. I gave the week following to Filmore, holding meetings every night, and closing my year's engagement with them. Upon my return home I found

my wife sick, and at once wrote for the return of our youngest daughter from Michigan.

Sabbath September 1st, was my day at Forest City, and in the morning I preached from Joshua 24:15 on Family Religion; in the evening from Isa. 57:21: No peace to the wicked. September 3d the fall meeting of our Presbytery was held at Oregon. On entering upon business, I offered the following: "Resolved, That the time has come when Platte Presbytery should undertake the work of founding a training school for the education of ministers and teachers to meet the wants of the Missouri valley." I made my report on Home Missionary work done in the Presbytery of Platte. The report was accepted and adopted. Presbytery voted to request the Board of Home Missions to renew my commission for another year. I was appointed a committee to bring in a report on a training school at the spring meeting. I was also appointed on mances, and with others on grouping churches. Mr. George A. McKinlay was licensed to preach and a course of study was designated. Presbytery adjourned to meet at Weston.

On the 12th I received a letter informing me of the sickness of my aged mother, and her strong desire to see me at her bed side. I made my arrangements to leave on the following Monday. In the meantime I went down and filled an appoint-

ment at Parkville on Friday September 13th, spending the night with Hon. George S. Park, one of the elders of the church and the founder of it. I took a horse and visited the members of the church, of whom I found sixteen resident. They had a stone church house and a small brick parsonage. They gave me a good audience. On Sabbath September 15th, I preached to them in the morning. I left St. Joseph Monday morning for Millville, N. Y, reaching Medina at 4 P. M. on the 15th of September. My brother Guy met me at Medina and drove me to his home where I met my sisters, Mrs. Jane Cheeseman, Mrs. Elizabeth Ryan and sister Maria, Brother Guy's wife. After tea, I visited our mother. She was waiting for me. I found her in possession of her mental and spiritual powers. She was physically very feeble. My sisters had been with her about two weeks. They had left their families for this last care they could render to one of the best of mothers. On Sabbath morning, September 22nd, I preached at the church where I united on the first Sabbath of April, 1831. My mother was the last members surviving of those who entered into the organization. As I looked over the congregation that mornnig I saw I was the oldest one present. I addressed the Sabbath school and preached at night. Sister Hatch came up on Monday morning

from Rochester. Sister Ryan felt that she could remain no longer. It was her last interview with mother until they met in the great beyond, a few years after. (Her death was very sudden and without warning. She led in the family worship hymn, "I love to tell the story." Prayer was offered by her husband. She retired to their bed. They had not been in bed over an hour, when her husband heard a strange sound. He arose, struck a light, but her spirit had gone to God who gave it. She was at home among the redeemed before the throne. She was fitted for the enjoyment and employments of that world.)

The leave-taking was too much for mother. She had a sinking time after it. On the 24th, Sister Cheeseman took her leave of mother. She has also joined her on the other shore. (She was not translated like Sister Ryan. Hers was death from cancer in the stomach. She bore the pain with Christian fortitude. She has been joined by her son, Rev. Eugene G. Cheeseman, Marcellus, N. Y., who was taken away from his work ere he reached his prime.) When my sister left, mother seemed to cling to me. She became quite worried, fearing that I might have to leave also. I told her I came to remain with her until she was better or worse. This relieved her mind and she wanted me by her bed side. Sister Hatch came from Rochester to

remain till the closing scene. We all saw that it was nearing. The last Sabbath mother spent on earth sister Hatch and myself were with her. She fully realized that she was near her rest. She longed to enter into rest. Wednesday the 9th of October she asked us, not to pray that her life be continued in this vale of tears. During the day she lay in a comatose state, rarely speaking. About 7 P. M. her arm was pulseless, and the death-damp was on her person. At 9 o'clock, she offered a short prayer, and after a few minutes, she said, "Come, Lord Jesus," repeating it four times. She paused as in the very presence of her Lord Jesus, and then said: "Into thy hands, dear Lord Jesus, I commend my spirit." She then carried my hand which was on her wrist, to the top of her head, and placed it there. She seemed conscious of the death line. It had not reached the base of her brain. I put my hand down upon her cheek and watched the dead line as it advanced upward until it struck the base of her brain, the moment that it touched the vital nerve her spirit took its flight. Such a death I never saw before. It was the overshadowing of the divine presence of her dear Lord Jesus, who had answered her call, and accepted her spirit that she had commended to Him. She was eighty-eight years and twenty-two days old. Her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams Barber, the wife of

Judge Elisha Barber, lived to be eighty-eight years and two months old. My grandfather, Nathan Sherwood lived to be eighty-four. My grandmother Joanna Noble Sherwood lived to be eighty-six. My mother made a profession of religion at the age of eighteen. On Friday, October 11th, her funeral was attended at her house. Her sons bore the casket to the cemetery my father had deeded for that purpose from his farm in 1820. We laid her body beside father's, who died on his eightieth birthday. My own daughter and son are sweet sleepers by their side. My sister, Mrs. Cheeseman, was soon laid beside our mother, borne there by four of her sons.

On the Sabbath following her death I preached at Millville on the employments and enjoyments of heaven. On the 14th of October, I left for my home, called on my children at Berrien, Michigan, and reached home in safety. The following Sabbath I attended church with my wife the first time in eighteen months.

On the 22nd of October, I left for Maryville to attend an adjourned meeting of Platte Presbytery, and was called to preach the opening sermon on fifteen minutes notice.

On Friday the 25th, I went down to Parkville, spent the night with Col. Park, and gave the next day to calling from house to house upon families.



On Sabbath I preached morning and evening. My object was the re-establishing of the preaching of the gospel in Parkville. They had been more than two years without preaching. The visit resulted in their raising funds to repair the church and to secure preaching alternate Sabbaths. Early in November I returned to Parkville, to commence the preparatory meeting for the communion. A session was held on Saturday preceding and Mr. Stone and wife, and Mr. Davidson and wife were received by letters. I preached at night. On Sabbath morning, the church renewed their covenant, the Lord's Supper was served, and regular services were held. These meetings introduced a new order of things at Parkville. On November 16th, I was called to Filmore to re-dedicate their church after substantial repairs, the erection of a tower, and the introduction of a bell. Also I drew up articles of incorporation of the Presbyterian church of Filmore. On Friday 22nd, I again went to Parkville, spent Saturday in calling. Preached that night, also on the Sabbath. At night the service was at Prairie Point, about five miles north of Parkville. Returning home I found my wife quite sick, and was shut in with her until Saturday afternoon, when I left to fill an appointment at Gallatin, where I preached twice in the court house on the Sabbath.



Wednesday, December 4th, at a called meeting of Presbytery, I was called to preside in the examination of Mr. Frank L. Phelps as to his qualifications to preach the gospel. He was adjudged worthy and was duly licensed. He was of lovely spirit, and was invited to supply Oak Grove. While doing his work with that church he was taken with a fever by which he sank into the arms of death.

December 6th, I was at Parkville, preached Saturday night and Sabbath morning, and at 3 P. M. at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Threlkeld, baptizing their children, George, Theodore, and Eva Rose May, and at the same place and time baptized the children of Mr. and Mrs. Kahm, Minerva, Walter and Frederick. Services continued until Tuesday night with good congregations. I returned to St. Joseph Wednesday, and made out my report to the Board of Home Missions.

Friday, December 13th, I left for Martinsville, Harrison county, having a very cold ride; preached at night in their new meeting house, and dedicated it on Sabbath morning, preaching again at night, with three Methodist ministers to hear me, and a large audience. The meeting continued Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday we held a meeting at the house of James Scott, preparatory to organizing a Presbyterian Church. The sermon

was from James 3:15. "The church of the living God," after which a church of twelve members was organized. James Scott Jr., and Archibald Scott, having served as elders in Scotland were chosen to the eldership and duly installed, after which the Lord's supper was administered.

On Thursday, December 19th, I returned from Martinsville and spent the following week with my family.

On the 28th of December I went to Plattsburgh, Clinton county, on business for my brother, Willis M. Sherwood, made sale of \$2000.00 worth of property and secured my son where he had endorsed bank notes for my brother Willis. Returned and spent the Sabbath with my family at Westminster church.

Gave the first ten days of the year 1873 to a united prayer meeting for a revival of religion in St. Joseph. On the 11th of January I went to Parkville. I preached at night on the want of willing workers in the harvest field of the world, and on Sabbath morning to the young people; at night on Christ our Advocate. My wife was taken sick, spent most of the week caring for her. On Saturday went to Rosendale. Preached on Sabbath twice. On the 25th of January went again to Parkville, preached at 3 P. M. We received two by letter, one on profession. After sermon Sabbath

morning session met and examined one candidate for membership, and accepted two from the Baptist church, making six members received, after which the Lord's supper was served. The evening service was at Prairie Point.

February 1st was spent at Oak Grove and Mission Chapel in North St. Joseph, with another service on Monday night. The next Sabbath morning at Parkville after a sermon on feeding the lambs, I organized a Sabbath School of fifty scholars. The following week and Sabbath was spent with my family in St. Joseph.

Following my previous work at Parkville, I preached on Sabbath Schools in the morning, remained over Monday and preached at the German church near Parkville. My next visit to Parkville was an important one. I spent the night with the Hon. George S. Park, discussing at length the necessity of a training school to raise up our Christian workers. On March 13th visited Rev. Frank L. Phelps at Oak Grove, suffering from typhoid fever, prayed with him and parted with him until we meet on the other shore. On March 14th went to Ebenezer church in Carroll county. Preached to them seven sermons, baptized the son of the elder of the church, administered to them the Lord's supper, and took measures to have them supplied with preaching. Left on Tuesday the

18th of March, found on arriving at Carrollton that the trains were deranged. Reached Kansas City in time to get a train for Parkville to marry Daniel Diester to Mary N. Dawson at Mrs. Dr. Moore's. That night went on to St. Joseph.

Saturday, March 22d, returned to Parkville, preached at night. Mr. John Long and Miss Eliza Ayers came before the session for membership. They were examined and received. After sermon on Sabbath morning Mr. Long was baptized. The candidates then were received to the church. On my return home I found a letter from Dr. Kendall, Secretary of the Board, commending my work as Presbyterial Missionary. Beginning with March 25th, a week was spent at Hackberry Ridge in the new church house. On the concluding Sabbath, Mrs. Elizabeth Barr and Miss Katie Lanford were received into communion of the church, the latter being baptized. After which the Lord's supper was administered.

On Tuesday April 1st, Presbytery met at Weston. My wife accompanied me. We were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Maitland. My report on training school for Christian workers was backed by the liberal offer of Mr. George S. Park of his hotel property in Parkville, and land enough for a home for such a school. The report was accepted, the committee continued, with thanks to Mr. Park for his generous

offer. I reported also as Presbyterial Missionary and as committee on Sabbath schools. On Sabbath following I preached for Dr. Bullard at St. Joseph.

After preaching two sermons at Parkville, married Mr. John Long to Miss Eliza Ayres on April 13th, 1873.

Passed my sixty-third birth-day with my family. On the 18th of April I received a telegram from Hopkins, Mo., to visit that young town, just rising into importance as the connecting link between the Kansas City and St. Joseph R. R., and the Iowa branch from Creston. I went up that night, and had an interview with W. K. Adams and others. On Saturday visited families desirous of church privileges. On the Sabbath at 3 P. M. I preached in the Methodist church. Subject, Prophecy to the Bones, Ezek. 37:4. The next day, Monday, I spent in looking up the lost sheep who were seeking a Presbyterian fold. Twenty gave me their names. Went to Parkville Friday, and gave Saturday to calling on families. Preached at night; on Sabbath twice. Tuesday April 29th married Mr. Adolphus Musser to Mrs. Susan A. Ritchester at her father's house, Mr. Wilkinson. Returned home May 2nd. Left for Hopkins, and stopped with Mr. Dryden. Spent Saturday in calling. Found more seeking a Presbyterian fold. Preached on May 4th twice to

a full house. Received a telegram to return to St. Joseph and preached Mr. Frederick Marey's funeral sermon on the 6th of May. Spent the 10th and 11th of May at Parkville. Preached three times. Friday, May 20th, went to Hopkins. Spent the 21st calling. At 3 o'clock P. M. I preached from Ps. 20:5, Setting up our banner in the name of the Lord. Received fourteen letters. One came on profession of faith. Sunday, June 1st, preached on 1st Timothy 3:15, the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth. The candidates then came forward as their names were called and entered into covenant with God and each other. They chose W. K. Adams and George Hotaling elders. They were then constituted the Presbyterian church of Hopkins. I preached at night on the eldership and its obligations from Acts 20:28, and ordained and installed the elders chosen.

Saturday, June 7th, was spent at Parkville. Preached three times. The next week I attended a picnic of the Sabbath school. Made an address with other services.

Friday June 13th. Having an invitation to visit Platte City as Presbyterial Missionary, I went there, visited their families, met their session and preached for them.

They expressed a desire for a supply from Platte

Presbytery. We were not able to supply them at that time. June 25th. Heard of the death of Mrs. Frazier, one of the members of Parkville church. Visited family, made arrangements for the funeral at 4 o'clock P. M. on the Sabbath. Preached Sabbath morning. Attended Mrs. Frazier's funeral at their home, expounded I Thess. 4; 13:18. Had letters from my old fields of ministerial labor, Liverpool and Pitcher, N. Y.

Thursday June 26. Visited King City. They have a small church with a large open field all around them. Gave them five sermons. Visited from house to house. Administered the Sacraments of our church. Returning home I found a letter from the stated clerk of my old Presbytery where I began my ministry in 1837, saying they would be glad to welcome me back to that Presbytery again. Two weeks later a second letter came requesting me to come back and undertake the work of an Evangelist for that Presbytery.

Saturday July 5th. Went to Hopkins. Preached Sabbath morning and night. On Friday July 11th attended our July communion season, Parkville. My time was divided this year between Parkville and Hopkins, alternating between these churches. On Sabbath July 27th, I preached at Parkville on ruling elders. The church then chose Mr. Gano elder. He was ordained and installed. The same



day I preached on the subject of infant baptism at the house of Mrs. Dr. Moore. At the close of sermon Mr. Benjamin and Mrs. Elizabeth Dawson presented seven children for baptism: Daniel, Frazier, George, William, Valinda, Benjamin, John Moore, and Charles, which were baptized. August 3d, preached and administered Lord's supper at Hopkins.

August 17th, preached at Hopkins twice. Received Mrs. Iden to the church on profession of her faith. August 31. Was called to Dawn on committee to examine into the wishes of a Welsh church, who asked for membership with Platte Presbytery. Presbytery held its fall meeting at Cameron, during which the Rev. Joseph H. France was installed pastor of the Cameron church. Called to Hopkins by telegram to attend the funeral of Mrs. Bradley. Remained, attended to pastoral duties, until after the Sabbath. On 23d of September married my daughter, Sarah Lucy, to Mr. Joseph R. Taylor, M. D.

October 7th. Presbytery of Platte called to meet at North St. Joseph Mission Chapel, 7:30 P. M., to consider the question of organizing a Presbyterian church at the Chapel. A quorum not appearing, I was asked as Presbyterial Missionary to assume the responsibility of organizing a church. Twelve candidates presented themselves. Five presented

letters of dismission, which were regular. Seven professed their faith in Christ. Three were baptized. The twelve gave their assent to the fundamental doctrines of the Presbyterian Church and its polity, covenanting with Almighty God and with each other. They chose D. B. Elliott and J. A. Riggs elders. These brethren answered the constitutional questions. They were then set apart as elders and installed over North St. Joseph Presbyterian church.

October 8th. The Presbytery of Platte met at Oak Grove church to ordain and install Licentiate Wm. H. Ilsley as pastor of that church. In the absence of the moderator it became my duty to preside, and examine the candidate, and to propound the constitutional questions, and make the ordination prayer, and deliver the charge to the people. As commissioner of Platte Presbytery, I attended the Mission Chapel at North St. Joseph, preached a sermon, proposed the constitutional question and installed the Rev. William H. Ilsley as pastor of the North Presbyterian church of St. Joseph.

Left for Parkville to commence a series of meetings on the 23d of October. Began with a day of fasting and prayer, and held twelve services. Received two by letters and two on profession of faith. Attended one funeral. Returning to Hopkins, I visited seventeen new families, assisted by Rev.

Randolph of Bradford, Iowa. Saturday we held children's meeting. Mr. Adams talked to children. Preached Saturday night, and again Sabbath night to a full house. The following week there were some conversions. Met a gentleman who gave me \$1.00 on hearing of my work. Thursday our national Thanksgiving, our family were together at our house. Was awakened this morning by a fire consuming the next door neighbor's house. Our Heavenly Father sent a wind that carried the flame from us.

Saturday, November 29th. Went to Osborn. Spent the day in calling. Preached at night. Attended the Sabbath school in the morning, and preached at 10:30 and 7:30.

Wednesday night preached at the chapel, North St. Joseph, also Thursday night. Saturday 20th, went to Maryville. Preached Sabbath morning. After sermon moderated a meeting of the church of Maryville to call a pastor. Preached at night.

Thursday, December 25th. Reached Parkville in good time for Christmas exercises of the Sunday School. They pleased every one in attendance. These services did much to uplift the Presbyterian church to its former good standing. Remained over the Sabbath. Spent the last days of the year with my family. The year had been one of hard work. I had established two new churches, held

special services in several churches, and visited numerous fields.

The year 1874 was ushered in on a remarkably pleasant day, which I spent with my family. Reviewed the past year and laid plans for the opening one. Saturday went down to Osborn where I expected to preach alternate Sabbaths. Preached morning and evening.

On Monday we held a prayer meeeting at Oak Grove. and Tuesday another prayer meeting at 11 A. M., preaching at night. One lady seemed deeply impressed. Spent most of the week there. Returned Friday after meeting. Hopkins having obtained a stated supply, divided my time, alternating between Osborn and Parkville. Preached and administered the Lord's supper at Parkville. Went to Osborn on the 17th. Found deep interest in religion, and Christians united. In the evening seventeen came forward for prayers. A number professed hope in Christ. On Sabbath night twenty came forward for prayers. I spent Monday calling from house to house, until train time. After a day in Parkville, I went over to Cameron Mo., where I was met by Brother France who conducted me to the church where I found a good audience at the commencement of a series of meetings. The first sermon was from Malachi 3:1, The Lord whom ye seek shall

suddenly come to His temple. The Lord came that night. Two arose for prayer, the next night three more. The Comforter filled me with joy that took away sleep. I sat up in bed and praised God. The next day in calling, I found the Holy Spirit had gone before us in the deep distress we found sinners in. We continued these special services for ten days and nights. The fruits were twenty-seven added on profession. Closing with reception of members and the Lord's supper, I left Cameron for Parkville. Rev. C. W. Higgins preached for me this morning. The Sunday School scholars acquitted themselves with honor at their anniversary exercises, leaving a good impression. February 10th. Received a letter from Trenton asking for my services in a series of meetings in the Hodge church at Trenton. Left for Trenton, stopping a day to preach at Cameron. Two came into the church making twenty-nine. Spent another day with Brother France, preaching at night. Three new cases of deep interest were presented. One lady decided for Christ.

Left Cameron for Trenton. Preached at night. Spent one week at Trenton. There were but a few who entered into the work. One lady was converted and united with the church. Went down to Osborn on February 28th. Preached Sabbath morning and night. At the night services Mrs.

Patrick and Chas. Bouton came forward and asked for membership. They were accepted.

Tuesday March 3d. Left for Lathrop to commence a series of meetings. Spent all the week in bringing about reconciliation between two leading families. On Tuesday, I attended the funeral of George Threlkeld, at Parkville, one of the children I baptized last year.

Preached at Osborn on Friday and Saturday nights. Mr. Duncan McRae and wife, and Mrs. Boyd, asked for membership.

After sermon Sabbath morning, Mrs. Patrick, Charles Bouton, Duncan McRae, Mrs. McRae, and Mrs. Boyd entered into covenant with the church, and were enrolled members of the Presbyterian church of Osborn. The Sacrament of the supper was then served. The Rev. J. M. Crawford preached Thursday and Friday nights for me at Parkville. Friday Mrs. Louisa Dunbar asked for membership, was examined and received by the session. On Sabbath after sermon Mrs. Dunbar was baptized, entering into covenant with the church. The Lord's table was spread and the supper was administered.

Tuesday March 24th, was spent at Mirable. After a sermon I moderated a church meeting, at which a formal call was given to the Rev. George A. McKinlay to become their pastor. On Sabbath the



29th, I preached and administered the Lord's supper. Made ready for the spring meeting of Presbytery at St. Joseph. Prepared my report for Presbytery of work done as Presbyterial Missionary. Mr. George A. McKinlay asked for ordination, which request was granted. The Presbytery asked the Board of Home Missions to continue my commission as their missionary. I was made chairman of a commission to install the Rev. Luther Dodd pastor of Rockport church, and to organize a church at Tarkio in Atchison county; also to install Rev. George A. McKinlay over Mirabile church; and to organize a new church in his broad field, if the way opened.

Saturday April 12th. Had an interview with Miss Ella L. Park respecting her duty to confess Christ before the world. Preached on Sabbath morning and night. After sermon Mr. Lewis Dunbar and Miss Ella L. Park came forward as candidates for membership. They were examined and received by the session. Mr. Dunbar was baptized. They entered into covenant with the church and their names were enrolled.

Spent my sixty-fourth birthday at home with my wife.

Friday, I went to Parkville. Gave Saturday to pastoral work, and preached on Sabbath. Monday, had a long talk with Mr. Park on training



school for young people of the Missouri valley.

The General Assembly met in St. Louis this year immediately after the State Sunday School convention. I attended both meetings for a few days, renewing acquaintance with old friends and hearing some of our strong men. While there I had a very satisfactory interview with Dr. Henry Kendall, of our Home Mission Board.

During the next week, beginning May 25th, with the Rev. J. H. France, I visited Mirabile to install the Rev. Geo. A. McKinlay. It fell to me to preach, propound the constitutional questions and deliver the charge to the pastor. Mr. France delivered the charge to the people. We went home with Brother Lanford, and had a meeting at his house.

Next morning we went to Pleasant Ridge to organize a new church. Rev. France preached a sermon. Ten candidates came forward and asked to be organized into a Presbyterian church. Nine had letters of dismission, one young lady came on profession. The letters were in order. The ten covenanted with Almighty God and with each other. They chose two of their number as elders who, answering the constitutional questions, were then set apart to the eldership by prayer and the laying on of hands. They took the name, The Presbyterian Church of Pleasant Ridge. I spent an agreeable night, and

left May 26th for Cameron. Princeton, the county seat of Mercer county, called me, and I spent a day canvassing the town. Of its population of 1,000, two hundred were professing Christians of different denominations. I preached in the Methodist church to a good audience; remained one Sabbath and preached Monday night. Left Princeton Tuesday for Mill Grove, west some ten miles. Visited there twenty-nine families. Preached at night to a full school house, and did what I could while with them. Left June 3d for home after one month's absence.

The next Sabbath was my regular day at Osborne and the usual two sermons were preached. While at Parkville on the following Sabbath, I learned of the death of Mrs. Young, whom I had received into the church. Mrs Sweet died during my stay there, and I preached her funeral sermon.

Thursday, June 18th, the commission met to install Rev. Luther Dodd over the church of Rockport. Rev. McClung preached the sermon. I presided and proposed the constitutional questions and charged the pastor. Rev. Thomas charged the people. Friday June 19th left Rockport for the Valley of the Tarkio to organize a Presbyterian church. Saturday afternoon after a sermon from John 15:5, eight members appeared with letters of dismission, all of which were in order, and accepted

by the committee. They then entered into covenant with the Great Head of the church and one another, by which they constituted themselves the church of Tarkio. They chose Mr. Marquis elder, who answered the constitutional questions. He was then set apart to the office of ruling elder by prayer and laying on of hands. I remained in the Valley of the Tarkio till after Sabbath June 21st, preaching to a full school house. A Sabbath School was organized and put into working order. Upon my return to St. Joseph I found my granddaughter sick, who died Friday, aged eight months and fifteen days.

The month of July was given to Osborne and Parkville, communion service being held in each church. Two members were received by letter at Osborne. Three children were baptized at Parkville.

Early in August while riding a mule, near Parkville I was thrown, but was preserved in safety by the care of my Heavenly Father. On one of the days of this season the mercury stood at 106 in the shade.

On Thursday August 13th left with the Rev. J. W. Allen, D. D. for Hopkins to explore the northern tier of counties of Platte Presbytery: to-wit, Worth, Harrison, and Mercer. At Grant City began the exploration and we found some

families anxious for the introduction of a Presbyterian church. No one among them seemed fitted to lead such an enterprise. We remained and looked over the county. We found a Cumberland Presbyterian church, six miles out a Methodist, and a Baptist in Grant City. Dr. Allen preached for the Cumberlands and I occupied the Methodist pulpit on Sabbath. Dr. Allen preached at the Methodist church at night. Monday, we left Grant City for Union Grove, the home of Rev. Duncan McRuer. Mr. McRuer then proposed that we should go to Denver, Worth county, and there confer together. We did so, and spent the day there. August 18th. Drove to Martinsville, Harrison county. Elder Wren made arrangements for preaching that evening, after which, the session of the church met to talk up our object in visiting them. Dr. Allen preached at night. The next morning Elder Scott drove us to Bethany. We had a warm reception from Banker Crossan. Held a good meeting at the Methodist church. We spent the next day in a survey of Bethany and vicinity. Dr. Allen preached at night. There was nothing developed that seemed to demand a church at Bethany just then. Dr. Allen left for Eagleville, Akron, thence to St. Louis. I remained to spend Sabbath at Bethany. Preached on the sacraments of our church in the morning, and at night on the mission

of Christ. Left Monday for Eagleville; found only one Presbyterian family there, but preached at night. Left for Goshen, Mercer county. Preached to impromptu congregation. Next day left for Princeton, county seat of Mercer county. Made arrangements for Sabbath service, and went on to Ravenna ten miles east. Found encouragement there for a church in and around that town.

After a visit to Lineville, a town on the boundary between Missouri and Iowa, where a church had just been organized, I returned to Princeton for Sabbath. The request was made that Presbytery make this one of our preaching points.

Monday, left for Spankersville where I spent the day in visiting a godless community. Preached at night to them on the need of the gospel to save the soul, correct their morals, and improve their personal appearance. Left Spankersville for Trenton where Presbytery was to meet on the first Tuesday of September, at 7:30. Presbytery met at the time appointed. In absence of the moderator, I was called to the chair called Presbytery to order. Rev. J. Gillespie preached the opening sermon, after which he was chosen moderator, and E. B. Sherwood clerk. Wednesday made reports on the installation of Rev. George A. McKinlay over Mirabile and Lincoln churches, and Rev. Luther Dodd over Rockport church, and the organization of the

churches of Pleasant Ridge and Tarkio. Took part in the examination of Mr. H. G. Pollock for ordination to the gospel ministry; and gave him his charge. Also made report of the visit to the counties of Worth, Harrison and Mercer, of Dr. J. W. Allen and myself.

Friday September 4th. Left Trenton. Met Rev. J. H. France at Cameron, and spent the night with him before going to Osborn. September 6th preached twice at Osborn. Reached home Monday to find an accumulation work during of four weeks absence to attend to. Tuesday, September 10th, married at my residence Mr. William H. Boyer to Miss Maggie Myer, all of Marion township, Buchanan county, Mo. Attended the funeral of Anna Brockman of Sabbath School, at 11 A. M. Dropped into the Methodist conference (South). Witnessed, with interest, their manner of receiving candidates for the ministry. Heard them pass on the character of their ministers. Listened to a good sermon from their Bishop. Attended their conference Friday and Saturday. Sabbath, 9 o'clock, attended their love feast. Heard their Bishop again. After sermon he ordained eleven deacons. In the afternoon their colored Bishop preached a powerful sermon, and gave a statement of his work. Bishop Marvin preached at night and ordained nine elders. September 22nd. Left for

Mirabile. Spent the week preaching two sermons a day until Saturday. Parkville had claims upon me for Sabbath morning and night. Thursday, October 1st. Went to Osborn. Spent the time until Saturday calling in the country. Found eight persons who had been members of Presbyterian churches. Three of these wished to become members at Osborn. Saturday held preparatory meeting. Heard good news of the Mirabile work. Sabbath preached and administered the sacrament. Friday, October 7th, served at Parkville. On 8th at Mrs. Moore's. On Saturday, lecture at 2 P. M. Held a meeting at Mr. Frazier's at night. Sunday preached and administered the sacrament. Left for Kirksville to attend the meeting of Synod. Reached there in time to attend the Sabbath School institute. Found at Kirksville an old Pitcher acquaintance, Mr. John Smith Blackman. I was appointed chairman of the judicial committee, also to open the discussion on home missions. Friday night stopped with Brother Blackman.

Tuesday, October 20th. Left Kirksville for Princeton. Stopped at Lineville a day and night for a rest. Reached Princeton and preached at night. Left next day for Bethany; found an appointment out for me. Preached from Ex. 12:20. Death in every house. Visited young Hamilton in jail who was to be hung the following Friday.



Remained over the Sabbath. Preached morning and evening. Left Bethany for King City and neighboring churches. Held service at Union church, King City. Went to DeKalb county for the purpose of exploring the northern portion. Found a number of Presbyterian families. They were too far apart to associate in our church. Three persons united with the Osborn church at my next meeting there. After my next visit to Parkville, I went on to Kansas City and met Dr. Hill, who asked me to go to Armstrong, one mile in Kansas from the state line, and see if I could gather a church. With Rev. D. C. Milner I went, and left an appointment for further preaching. The visit included Wyandotte and Kansas City, Kansas, where appointments were left. At home I found a request for me to go to Oregon and help in a meeting. I went and spent three days with Brother McClung, preaching twice a day.

About the middle of December, Dr. Hill again earnestly urged me to make a moral survey of Armstrong and Wyandotte, both in Kansas near Kansas City. I did so, and found encouragement to preach in both places on the third Sabbath of the month. December 22nd I was called to Parkville to solemnize the marriage of the Rev. C. W. Higgins and Miss Mary Frazier. Christmas day was spent at my own home in St. Joseph, and the

last days of the year were given to Oak Grove.

In a review of the year, I find great reason for gratitude to my heavenly Father for the health and strength He has vouchsafed to me that I might do the year's work. I give thanks to my Savior for His presence, and to the Holy Ghost for the great peace that He has shed abroad in my heart and the comfort He has given me in my work. The year, from its opening to its close, has been rich in spiritual blessings, in the conversion of souls and in additions to the churches I have served and to those in which I have aided my brethren. The churches I have organized have been richly blessed. Opportunities for doing good have been frequent.

1875. Most of New Year's day was spent with my family. In the afternoon, however, I left for Osborn to hold communion the following Sabbath. Until June, I continued to supply Osborn and Armstrong, Kansas, on alternate Sabbaths. The work at the latter place was largely preparatory to church organization.

During the first week in February, the Rev. A. B. Earle, a Baptist evangelist, held a series of meetings at St. Joseph, which was crowned with rich and precious results. He reached our leading business men. He had peculiar power with that class of men, because the Holy Ghost rested upon him and abode with him. He did me great good.

Near the middle of March, the Rev T. E. Sheldon sent me an urgent invitation to come to his help in a series of meetings at Marysville, Kansas. I accepted it and preached my first sermon there from Acts 10:29, "I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me." On my second Sabbath there, ten persons were received at the morning service. Sabbath evening four new cases came out under the sermon. Monday evening one of the merchants was so wrought upon that he did not leave his seat when the congregation went out; before he left the church, he gave his heart to Christ. Several others were brought to conviction and conversion during the meetings, and the influence was lasting.

March 26th, 27th and 29th were spent in Parkville in interviews concerning the opening there of a school for training Christian workers. Mr. Park and Professor McAfee were both there at that time.

The Armstrong work had so prospered that it seemed wise to organize a church there March 28th. Dr. Hill came from Kansas City. It was Easter Sabbath, and he preached an appropriate sermon in the morning, while I preached in the evening. At 3 p. m. we met and organized the church with nine members. W. W. Spear was chosen elder and ordained and installed. Before I left the church in June there were several additions and another elder, Brother Robinson, was installed.

May 2nd I attended the Westminster church, St. Joseph, and baptized my grandson, Charles Sherwood Taylor, and the oldest son of Dr. Bullard, Henry Nelson Bullard. I gave what spare time I had during these months to the mission chapel.

Meanwhile I had been asked to undertake an agency in the East for the new college at Parkville. A visit had already been made there during which I had been pleased with the manner and spirit of the devotional service. On the 8th of June I left for the East and spent until the end of September canvassing in the state of New York in behalf of the college.

I had been made trustee of my father's estate and while I was in the East in October I went to Rochester, N. Y., and began arrangements looking toward the winding up of his affairs. This involved delay and the Lord opened a door of usefulness. I was invited to visit Penfield, six miles from Rochester, and see what could be done toward bringing back life to a church which had been in a state of suspended animation for six years and without a revival for eighteen years. Animation was restored in four weeks' labor, with preaching and visiting. The session and board of trustees were filled by election. The sacraments were administered to twenty-five members.

Upon my return to St. Joseph in November I had hardly got well settled when a request came for help in meetings at Frankfort, Kansas. I found there a half-finished meeting-house, which could not be made comfortable during the cold weather which came on. The meetings continued eleven days and the church was revived. Six members were received. At Osborn soon after I found the Methodists engaged in revival effort, and took part with them. The results were excellent.

In response to an appointment by the Presbytery, I went to Trenton to assist in dedicating their new church and installing their pastor. Saturday night the new church took fire and was completely destroyed! The other denominations of the city threw open their pulpits the next day to the commission and \$950 were raised at the morning services for a new building. A union meeting was held in the opera house in the evening and \$600 more raised, making \$1550 in all. I spent three days more with the church. Rev. J. M. Crawford was the new pastor.

The closing days of the year were spent in looking back over its record. It was one of the happiest in my life. The desire of my heart had been realized. We had seen the humble beginning of Park College for Training Christian Workers.

1876. Early in January I accepted an invitation

from the church at Marysville, Kansas, to come to them and stay as long as possible. I remained three months, entered upon a systematic course of ministerial work, preaching, visiting and holding prayer-meetings, and besides looked after an outpost at North Marysville, where steps had already been taken toward a church organization. I perfected that work and laid foundations for still another church, at Deer Creek, six miles west. The word of God took effect, and gave the people a mind to work. Congregations increased. Converts came into the church. We had a profitable three months. I left after the last Sabbath in March to meet an engagement to spend a year in Kalamazoo, Michigan, gathering a congregation in the north part of that city. There was one item of the business of my father's estate that demanded my presence in New York early in April. After attending to it, I returned to Kalamazoo and entered on the work I was called there to do. The details and results are found in Chapter V.

I closed my year's work in Kalamazoo on the 8th of April, 1877, and at once went with my wife to my daughter's home at Berrien Springs, Michigan. On reaching there we learned of the serious illness of Judge Anderson, my daughter's father-in-law. We were sent for to hasten to his bedside, but before we reached it he was gone. At

his request, I preached the funeral sermon. It was my 67th birthday. I had known the judge and his wife since 1828.

From this time until July 5th, my time was divided between the settlement of the estate and collecting funds for Park College in western New York where I was acquainted. After an absence of a year and three months I finally reached St. Joseph with my wife on the 20th of July. I met Professor McAfee and reported what I had done, turning over to him the money I had collected. We conferred about future plans.

The Synod of Missouri met that year in October at St. Charles. I was in attendance and was very unexpectedly chosen moderator by acclamation. I met the responsibilities of the position as best I could. The remainder of the year was devoted to work connected with Park College.

1878. January 1st I spent with my family and newly consecrated myself to the work of the ministry. Calls came from every side. I went first to the Third church of Kansas City and assisted the pastor for a week in a series of meetings. Then came such a request from the Chillicothe pastor that I went to his aid for about two weeks. Eight confessed Christ at the closing meeting. There was a precious refreshing from on high. On the 26th I went to Hiawatha, Kansas, to assist Rev.



Mr. Farmer in a series of meetings. Deep interest was awakened. Twenty arose for prayers. We reached an interesting class of young men who became pillars in that church. On the 6th of February I was compelled to leave to meet an engagement for other work. I had been asked to Kennekuk, an Indian town eight miles south of Hiawatha. The church was supplied by Rev. Mr. Todd. My first sermon seemed to be sanctified to the congregation. Under the third sermon a young lady gave herself to Christ. Every sermon seemed to deepen the work of grace begun. Heads of families were reached; husbands of believing wives and wives of believing husbands came out and took upon them the covenant of the church. The windows of heaven were opened; the Holy Spirit was poured out on all classes. The revival became general. Family altars were set up and consecrated by morning and evening prayer. The church was strengthened by the addition of whole families. When they laid out the Rock Island R. R., they ran it through the farms of the leading members of that church, and the town of Horton covers almost the entire farm of one of the members with whom I stopped often during the three weeks I spent here. The church of Horton is the old church of Kennekuk. This meeting laid the foundation for lasting good to all that region.

About the 1st of March, I received a letter from Rev. Dr. J. W. Allen, Synodical missionary, requesting me to go to Glenwood, Schuyler county, in the northeastern part of the state, and there work up and organize a Presbyterian church, if the way was clear. Accordingly I spent sixteen days of hard work there, and on March 31st organized a church of twelve members, ordaining two elders, and administering the Lord's supper. The evening of the first Sabbath two more united with the new church. My friend Dr. Galbraith met me on my arrival and cared for me pleasantly during my stay. Immediately I left for Kirksville where I had an appointment to preach on the importance of raising up a ministry from our churches. I reached home April 3d.

The spring meeting of Platte Presbytery was held at Mound City. As committee on the narrative I reported on the state of religion in our bounds. I was also appointed to organize a church at Mt. Salem school-house in Atchison county, which duty I performed on Sabbath the 14th before turning home. The church took the name Pizgah. I left for home on my 68th birthday.

I had now reached a point where I thought it my duty to lay off for some repairs. An experienced dentist advised me to have several native teeth removed and get a full set of upper teeth.

This would forbid my public speaking for several weeks. Duty demanded it and I rested off during the remainder of April and all of May and June. During these months, I was with my son in his drug-store. In looking over his stock, I discovered there had accumulated a good many articles not wanted in St. Joseph but saleable in some other place. This, with some other motives, led my son to look for a new point. He found one at Sabetha, Kansas, and opened his new store there late in August, 1878. The St. Joseph store was left with his clerk whom he had been training for five years, the finances being under my oversight and control. My son reached Sabetha at the right time. Two years later we sold the St. Joseph stock and rented the store to the former clerk, Mr. James T. Meadows, who has become one of the leading druggists of this growing city. In addition to the drug business, my son had developed Sherwood's Excelsior Liquid Blueing, which he had been making for some ten years. It had grown to so much importance that it was becoming a good thing, too good to give up. This business he passed over to me. I have cared for it and superintended it until it has become the standard liquid blueing wherever St. Joseph wholesale grocery trade goes. This and the rent of the store have been my support since August 1878. I have held myself ready to

supply destitute churches, organize new churches, assist my brethren in special meetings where openings have occurred and duty called, and to do any duty that was in the line of my profession as a minister of Christ. For a number of years I was stated clerk and treasurer of my Presbytery.

In September of this year (1878) I received a letter from the church of Hiawatha, Kansas, asking me to visit them and supply them as long as there was mutual satisfaction. After preaching there one Sabbath an agreement was entered into and I supplied them twenty-eight weeks. My plan was to go on Saturday, preach on Sabbath and teach a Sabbath School class. At communion times I went over on Friday and visited and held preparatory service on Saturday. God blessed this arrangement. Eighteen members were added to the church, several being newly converted. Confidence was inspired. They soon called a pastor. From that time they have gone right forward, enlarged their meeting house, lengthened their cords and strengthened their stakes. Hiawatha now has a membership of 250. The weeks spent there were happy ones to me and began a new epoch in the church's history.

At the meeting of Platte Presbytery in April 1879, I was chosen moderator at the opening. During the meeting I was appointed alternate

commissioner to the General Assembly, and Stated Clerk and Treasurer of the Presbytery. These offices, with the presidency of the Board of Trustees of Park College, and an occasional call to organize churches, gave me all I could well attend to of a public nature. Add the private business and the care of my family, and the year 1879 was filled with hard work.

November 20th, 1880, I organized the Presbyterian church of Goshen, Mercer county, Mo.

1881. On the 29th of January I assisted in the dedication of the new Presbyterian church at Laclede, Mo. I preached twice and raised \$223 from the congregation so that we dedicated the building free from debt. March 16th, I received a telegram asking me to go to Ravennah, Mercer county, and organize a Presbyterian church. This town is in the extreme north-eastern part of Platte Presbytery. It meant a journey of 130 miles, ten of which I traveled on horseback in a snow-storm. Saturday night I preached to quite a good audience and arranged for the organization. The next day, Sabbath, a church of thirteen members was organized, one of whom was received by profession and baptism. Two elders were ordained and installed and the sacrament was administered. In the evening after the sermon, the mother who had been baptized in the morning brought her daughter for baptism.

On the 14th of April Platte Presbytery met in St. Joseph at Dr. Bullard's church. I reported the three new churches organized. On my 71st birthday I was chosen commissioner to the General Assembly at Buffalo, N. Y., with elder Robert Montgomery as lay commissioner. We started for Buffalo, accompanied by our wives, May 16th, and reached there with many others on the 18th. The Assembly met on Thursday May 19. On the election of moderator, I was privileged to second the nomination of Dr. Henry Darling, a life long friend. The short speech brought me many handsome compliments. For the second time I was made a member of the judicial committee. On Saturday the Assembly was given an excursion to Niagara Falls. The next week Dr. and Mrs. Chester gave us a reception at their elegant residence. Mrs. Chester was an old friend of our family and we had a pleasant half hour together. I had an opportunity to speak in the devotional meeting of Saturday morning and also reported on the records of the Synod of Kentucky. I was appointed to preach at Millville, my old home, forty miles from Buffalo on Sabbath the 29th. My brother Guy came up from Millville to escort me home. I preached from John 12:23, "What is to be the result of lifting up Christ on the cross?" I did not return to the Assembly, which adjourned the



following day. Instead I met a large circle of old friends at my brother-in-law's home, where my wife was visiting. It was her last visit with them. Tuesday with brother Guy and his wife we went to Rochester and spent a day with my sister, Mary Hatch. Thence we came west to Michigan where a visit was made to our children at Berrien Springs. This is not far from Cassopolis and Edwardsburgh. I spent one Sabbath with these churches, preaching before a large union congregation at the latter place in the evening and at the former place in the morning. It was a cordial greeting of all the churches after an absence of twenty-two years.

I had scarcely reached home in St. Joseph before a call came for a visit to Wheeling. I spent a Sabbath with them. On the 9th of October, I organized the church of Grant City, Worth county, and set over them an efficient session. They have had a steady growth and are one of our better churches. December 2nd I accepted an invitation to hold a series of meetings at Akron, Harrison county. The meetings lasted ten days. The fruits were eleven added to the church, with seven baptisms. Three others expressed hope and were received at a chance visit I made some time afterward.

On March 19th, 1882, in company with elder Robert Montgomery, I organized the church of



Fairfax, Mo., with twelve members. Two elders were duly chosen and set apart. July 1st, I was called to a conference with the Platte City church and spent a Sabbath there. August 11th, I left for Blysdale, Harrison county, to dedicate a new church, but found on my arrival that it was not ready. During the delay I went to Akron and spent a week, preaching every night. Six were received into membership and the Lord's supper was administered. At Blysdale the next Sabbath I met Rev. Thomas Marshall, then Synodical missionary, who preached in the morning. I undertook the work of raising the arrears and we dedicated the building free from debt. Children were baptized by Mr. Marshall, and the Lord's supper was administered.

Saturday, August 26th, a telegram came from the pastor at Atchison, Kansas, asking me to supply his pulpit the next day. I did so and again the following Sabbath. In September a week was spent at Avalon in a series of meetings. The Lord gave us eight converts. The pastor and three of his session were permitted to welcome their children at the communion service held at the close of the meeting. Soon after my return to St. Joseph, I left for Union Star to organize a church if the way was clear. After the evening sermon sixteen candidates came, asking the organ-

ization of a Presbyterian church. Their credentials were found in order, and they entered into covenant with Almighty God and each other. They chose Judge Dougherty elder and the following Sabbath, October 1st, he was ordained and installed. Meantime I had been calling from house to house, and one lady came to unite with the new church on confession on this first Sabbath. Several received the sacrament for the first time. During the same month, October, I organized the church at Brooklyn, Carroll county, which has since been merged into the Tina church in the same county.

About the first of October my wife began to suffer from inflammation of the stomach. The usual treatment in such cases failing, a galvanic battery was ordered and purchased while I was in St. Louis at the Synod. When I returned she had reached the stage in which no nourishment except new milk could be taken with any comfort. The battery treatment seemed to impart vitality, but she gained no permanent strength. The functions of life were steadily failing. There was nothing alarming in her case and nothing encouraging. Nothing we could do imparted strength or recuperated nature. Our daughter came from Michigan and spent two weeks with her, which greatly comforted her. She stood the parting scene much

better than I had expected. In the latter part of November symptoms of unhappy changes in her system appeared. November 26th was her last Sabbath on earth and she was cheerful, enjoyed reading and conversed throughout the day. During the night of December 1st, she awoke with excruciating pains, which proved to be the premonition of death. She was very restless and while we were trying to give her an easier position she fainted and it was some time before consciousness returned. All that day she was in the agonies of death. She said to me, "My husband, what is this?" I answered her, "It is approaching death. These are dying agonies and you will spend the coming Sabbath with your father, mother, your dear sister Margaret and our dear children in the spirit world." She then asked us to sing and while we were singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," she sank into a quiet state in which she remained and sweetly passed away before the midnight hour, December 2nd, 1882, aged 72 years and three months. On Monday December 4th, her funeral was attended by her pastor, Rev. Dr. Henry Bul-  
lard, assisted by Rev. Dr. R. S. Campbell and Rev. George Miller. There was a large gathering of friends. We laid her to rest in Mt. Mora cemetery in a lot which I had purchased. Upon her monument are inscribed the names of our

six children besides those of their parents.

The following Sabbath I spent in Parkville, preaching to a large and interesting audience. Upon my return I found an invitation from Tarkio which I accepted, preaching to them on the last Sabbath of the year. They supplemented their request with another, viz., that I would supply them on alternate Sabbaths until spring. Westboro, six miles north of Tarkio, whose organization was not complete, asked for the other alternate Sabbaths of my time, and I accepted both invitations. I perfected the latter organization and gathered in the families through that region. I had organized the Tarkio church some years before in the valley of the Tarkio. When the Burlington R. R. system run one of its branches through Atchison county, Tarkio sprang up as a business point and the church was removed there, built a house, but had no minister at that time. I remained with them throughout March. Twelve members were added as the fruits of these three months. They soon called a pastor and have gone forward with steady growth. Another matter of great importance was the stirring up of the United Presbyterians to start a college in a building then unoccupied in the village.

On the 1st of July this year, occurred the semi-centennial of Oberlin College from whose the-

ological department I had graduated in September, 1836. I felt it a privilege and duty to be present at the celebration. I reached Oberlin June 30th, in time for the graduation of the theological class. After dinner I attended the alumni meeting of that department. The next day was Sabbath and was full of interest. The history of the Sabbath school for the past fifty years was given in the morning, followed by the baccalaureate sermon giving the history of the college. At 2 p.m. was an experience meeting and at 3 communion service with fully 200 communicants. At night Rev. Dr. Streiby of New York addressed a missionary meeting. On Monday those present of the class of 1836 met. There were but four. The same number were present from the class of 1838. They came in with us and we were joined by the widow of President Finney, his third wife, and also by the widow of our classmate Rev. S. W. Streeter. It was a review meeting of our life work. On Independence Day, July 4th, Rev. Huntington Lyman, of our class, and myself visited the cemetery where sleep President Finney, Professor Henry Cowles, Professor John Morgan and many of the founders of Oberlin College. On the afternoon of the same day our class held a closing meeting. We joined hands in a circle, sang our parting hymn and took our final leave of each other until we meet to part no more.

Towards the close of the year there sprung up a correspondence which led to my marriage to Mrs. Susan Butler on the 24th of July, 1884.

During the winter months I was shut in. In March I was invited to Hopkins, one of the churches I had organized, being now without a pastor. I spent two weeks with them. The members were quickened and one very interesting conversion was made. At the preparatory meeting, before communion, there was a providential meeting of the original elders of the Hopkins church. They remained over the Sabbath and assisted at the Lord's table. One brought his son forward for baptism. It was a spiritual feast.

Early in the spring I made quite a successful change in our store property, built over a cottage on the premises and fitted it up for a home for myself. I had remained with my daughter, Mrs. J. R. Taylor, since the death of my wife.

A casual letter from Mrs. Susan Butler, written while my first wife was alive and well, three years before her death, was by chance re-read some twelve months after her death. It contained some sentiments of gratitude for instruction I had given the writer when an inquirer after the way of rest for her soul, which I thought demanded of me an answer even after the intervention of four years. This led to a reply asking me for an article for



their village paper giving an account of the revival which had brought into their church seventy members. I sent her the article. It was published in their village paper and afterwards in the New York Evangelist. In this way an acquaintance of forty years ago was renewed. We had once met in those years, had shaken hands and had been twenty minutes in company in a circle of friends. Our correspondence led to an engagement of marriage and to seven years of as much happiness as could be realized in that time. When we came to know each other better, we found that we were born within six miles of each other, that there was but six days' difference in our ages and that we were baptized by the same minister. When we met on the 22nd of July in the parlor of Alfred Emerson, we realized that an unseen hand had guided our pens in the correspondence that brought us together. Therefore we sealed with words what our pens had effected. She was my spiritual child in a revival of 1841 in Youngstown, N. Y., referred to in Chapter III. She was then the wife of Mr. Robinson Butler, who was also a subject of that work of grace. Mr. Butler adorned his profession for over seventeen years, and died exclaiming, "Grace! grace!" Mrs. Butler lived a widow twenty-five years, finding consolation in comforting the sick and administering the balm of Gilead



to the afflicted. She gathered one class after another to the Sabbath School, and when the second class of young ladies went out from her as teachers and married ladies, she went to the country and gathered a class of married ladies and their husbands, numbering eight. She was teacher of this class when I married her. Her old physician paid her this compliment: "Mr. Sherwood, you might about as well take away the session of our church as the lady you have married." In due time we returned to Missouri and took possession of our cottage home and entered upon housekeeping. It was the return of happy, golden days, which continued and increased with every month of the seven years we were permitted to enjoy each other's society.

The year 1885 was ushered in with very cold and disagreeable weather. There were no calls from vacant churches until midsummer when I was invited to visit Lincoln church, seventy miles southeast of St. Joseph in Caldwell county. We left home in the hot days of July, spent a week with the church, holding meetings from day to day, and closed with a communion service, at which time five new members united with the church. It was a pleasant and profitable week to us and the church. Mrs. Sherwood enjoyed the week very much. About the 20th of December of the same

year, the church of Hopkins sent for us to visit them and spend some days with them. We accepted their invitation and staid with them a week, closing with a communion season.

1886. The year opened warm, with a genial atmosphere, but the weather soon turned cold and snow fell sufficient for good sleighing. The last Sabbath of January was spent at Cameron, where I preached morning and night. The way seemed to open to recommence services at Easton church. I went down a few times. The opportunity was lost by the opposition of one man. The Sabbath School is the hope for Easton.

This was the fiftieth year since my ordination to the ministry of the gospel. Fifty years before, I had received from the Congregational Association of the Western Reserve the following certificate:

“Oberlin, Ohio, Sept. 6, 1836.

“Having examined Elisha B. Sherwood as preparatory to the work of the gospel ministry and finding satisfactory evidence of his personal piety, his attainments in literature, science and theology, and his ability to engage in the great work to which the Great Head of the church has called him, we do hereby authorize him to perform the duties of the holy ministry, and affectionately recommend him to the fellowship of the churches and ministers of our Lord Jesus Christ

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as a fellow-laborer in the great field, ordained to preach the gospel, administer its ordinances, and take oversight of any church where the Lord may direct him to labor.

“Done by vote of the Association.

“Daniel Rockwell, Moderator.

“William Bradley, Scribe.”

I thank God that He counted me worthy to be put into the ministry of the gospel. I thank the Association that the Lord put it into their hearts to authorize me to preach Christ. I thank the Holy Ghost that He has given me the power to preach this glorious gospel fifty years in the fields that have opened to me; that more than two thousand souls have been added to the churches where I have preached this gospel; that I have organized over thirty churches; that I have resuscitated and put into working order a large number of feeble churches; that He has counted me worthy to have helped so many young men into the ministry of the gospel; and for the part I have had in bringing about the organization of Park College. This has all been done by God working in me to will and to do. Not unto me, but to the Holy Ghost be the glory!

The year of jubilee having come, my friends took notice of this event in my life's work. The city ministry to the number of seventeen met at the

residence of my son-in-law, Dr. Joseph R. Taylor, 709 S. 10th Street, St. Joseph, on Monday, September 21st. They came early and staid late. Not one of the seventeen was born when I was ordained to my work. I received a large number of letters of congratulation from friends in my New York fields of labor and from the brethren of our Presbytery. I will append one from an old lady ninety-four years old, widow of elder Daniel Holmes:

“Wilson, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1886.

“Rev. E. B. Sherwood.

“Dear Friend:—I thank you for your kind invitation to attend the fiftieth anniversary of your ordination to the gospel ministry. My heart will be with you. I think I had better remain at the homestead until I have a call, ‘Come to me,’ from on high. With Christian love,

“Mrs. Sarah Holmes.”

We received congratulations from Youngstown, N. Y., a joint letter from friends in Liverpool, N. Y., congratulations and love from brother and sister Hatch of Rochester, N. Y., from Mrs. Dr. Artemus Bullard, whose acquaintance I had made in 1834 at Lane Seminary, from Rev. Mr. Hayden and wife, from A. M. Saxton, banker in St. Joseph and a Sabbath School scholar in 1835, from Rev. C. J. Van Deventer of the M. E. Church, and

members of Platte Presbytery: Rev. James Reed of Savannah, Rev. A. B. Goodale of Kingston, Rev. Wm. Meyer of Grant City, Rev. W. H. Rogers of Hamilton, and Rev. T. D. Roberts of Oregon. These letters were full of sympathy and tender feeling. Mr. Roberts was the first student entering the ministry from Park College within our bounds. At the fall meeting of Platte Presbytery there was a sketch of the labors of these fifty years read by Rev. Mr. Rogers and listened to with interest. Following is an extract from the "New York Evangelist," dated Sept. 30th, 1886:—

"It is fifty years since the ordination of the Rev. E. B. Sherwood to the ministry, and that controlling event in his life was duly marked by a reception given at the residence of his daughter in St. Joseph, Mo., on the evening of the 21st of September. Like his contemporary, the late Dr. Hatfield, he was greatly blessed in his early ministry. The scene of these faithful and fruitful labors was western New York and he is warmly remembered there. And since then, though far from these early activities, he has loved 'to mind the same things.' His has been a fruitful as well as a protracted ministry; and now at evening time it is light. A good degree of strength remains to him and doubtless nothing so renews his prime as to engage in special labors for the conversion of those who are out of the fold of Christ."

The "St. Louis Evangelist" of Sept. 23rd surprised me with an article by the editor on my work, which he had known personally for forty years. Here is an extract:—

"When a minister by a bold attack did what I knew was done by the Rev. E. B. Sherwood in Liverpool, N. Y., in driving out drinking and gambling, which for years had been the standing wickedness of that town, and in giving the people in this place an evening school for the instruction of those adults who could not read nor write, a savings bank in place of the saloon drawer, a lodge of the Sons of Temperance instead of the corruptions of the saloon, and Sabbath evening lectures for the masses, I knew that he was worth something to the world wherever his lot was cast. Men are remembered by what they have done."

This commemoration of the fifty years would be the natural close of Chapter VI., but there is one duty which I owe to Mrs. Susan Butler Sherwood, which can be better discharged here than in any other period connected with this sketch of my life.

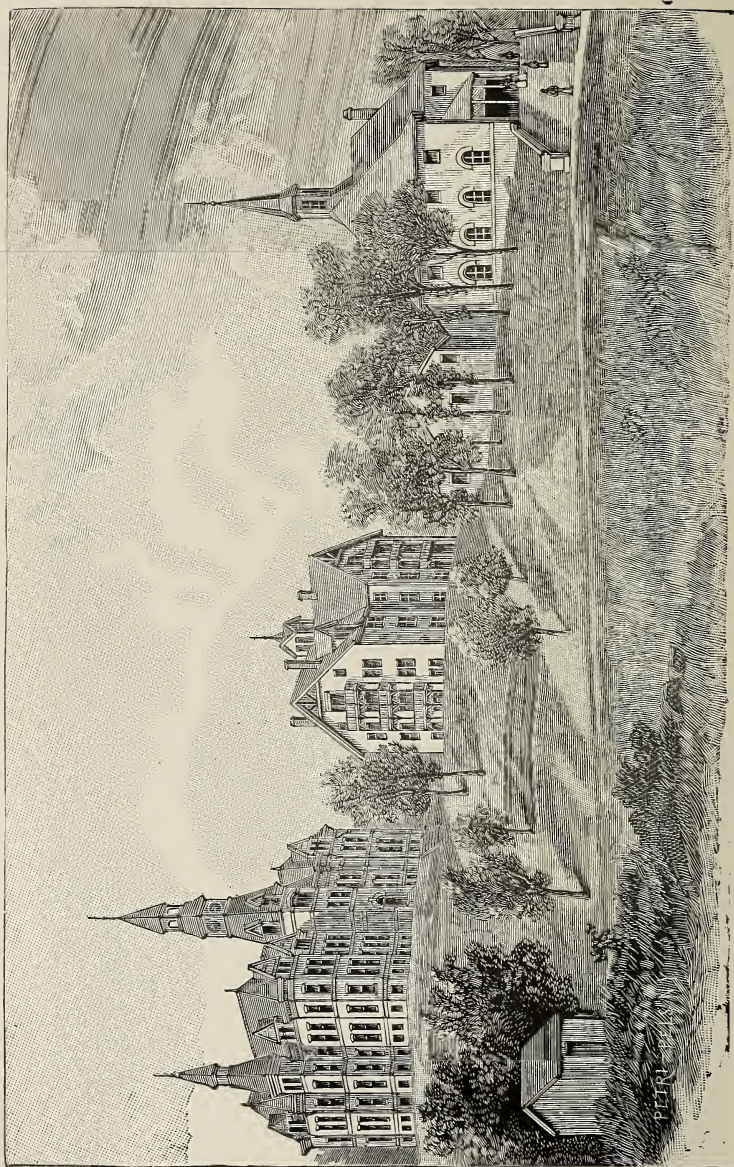
Mrs. Sherwood had been with me two years and two months when the jubilee occurred. She was deeply interested in the event, the first occasion of the sort which she had witnessed. It gave her great pleasure to witness the respect paid to her husband on that occasion by home friends and

those more remote. From that time she felt that she was among friends. Her health had been enfeebled by the greater heat of this climate over that of New York. The pleasant fall that followed toned up her system. Her general health improved. The almost five years that she lived after the jubilee were pleasant years to her, giving her health and strength beyond her most sanguine expectations. She was adding every year to her list of friends, for she had only to be known to make fast friends. She counted these five years among the happiest periods of her long and useful life. The day she was taken sick, she prepared, cooked and ate her last meal. For seven days she was the greatest sufferer I ever attended. Everything was done that medical science could devise, but no relief came until exhausted nature worked its own relief. When relief came, she was so prostrated that there was no recuperation, and she steadily sank into the arms of death. The day before she died she said to me, "How good was my heavenly Father to send you to Youngstown in that meeting of 1841 to show me the way to my Savior!" One of her lady friends asked her the same day, "How do you feel?" She replied, "It is well with my soul, but my body is full of pain." Dying was but going home with her. Her mind was perfectly clear, so that she gave direc-



tions as to her dress and burial, and how to distribute her mementos. She died about half-past six in the morning of the hottest day in the year, August 7th, 1891, aged 81 years and four months. We carried out her wishes, warm as the day was. The body was prepared and coffined, and brief services were held in the home she loved so well by Dr. Dinwiddie of the M. E. church, her pastor being in Philadelphia. In the evening we put her body on the fast train and left for Youngstown, N. Y., where we laid her to rest on her own lot between her only son and Mr. Butler. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."





## CHAPTER VII.

### PARK COLLEGE AND MY RELATIONS TO IT.

The great want of Missouri from its early settlement was a Christian college. Dr. David Nelson saw the need and attempted to supply it by establishing Marion College in the northeastern portion of the state. He was in advance of the people he attempted to benefit. They spurned his offer and rejected his help and compelled him to flee from the state.

Dr. Artemus Bullard, who has left his footprints in almost every county in this large state, was the next man who realized the want and began such a college at Webster Groves. His sudden death at the falling of the Gasconade bridge near the close of 1855 left the infant college at Webster Groves without any one to carry out Dr. Bullard's plan. The college building was converted into an orphan asylum. This is all that remains of that well-begun effort.

When I came to the Missouri valley in November, 1865, Quantrell and the James boys were so popular that emigrants on their way to Kansas

would go around the state rather than chance their lives by passing through it. Pistols outnumbered Bibles in some congregations to which I first preached. I found what was known as the Platte Purchase one scene of moral desolation, save at St. Joseph and some of the better county-seats. I was invited to take charge of the church at Weston, Platte County. I accepted the invitation and removed my family there in May, 1866. I had been in Weston less than two months when I was instructed to go to Breckinridge, Caldwell county, and if the way was clear organize a church there. I obeyed instructions, found the way clear and organized a Presbyterian church. Very soon there came a like message to go to Forest City, seventy miles northwest. Soon I was asked to undertake the work of a Presbyterial missionary for the old Lexington Presbytery. As we began organizing new churches and gathering up those scattered by the war, the question of supplies for these fields came up. Whence were they to come? They must come from the east or north. We made the effort to introduce eastern men. I induced one man to come from western New York. He staid just one week. The first Sabbath he preached in a newly organized church. Some roughs came in and undertook to run the town. The citizens objected and the roughs began shooting, which brought on



a bad state for the Sabbath day. I was with him to introduce him to the people on that day. The place did not please him. He packed his grip the next morning and left.

Coming from either north or east there were many things so different from what they had been used to, that they had to go through a process of acclimatization before they became adapted to the new order of things. It would take from one to two years before they could do efficient work. After an experience of four years, I became thoroughly convinced that our only hope of a supply of ministers and Christian workers was to start a college for training them on the field they are to occupy. Accordingly I submitted to Platte Presbytery the following thoughts:

“That there is a pressing need for ministers and Christian helpers within our bounds, there can be no doubt. Those of us who have had to do with supplying our churches with ministers and our Sabbath Schools with superintendents and teachers know that the men we need are not to be had with the inducements our churches can offer. We are laying foundations for northwestern Missouri Presbyterianism. There are two sources of growth of the church of Christ. One is from an internal life outward. The other is by accretion. The first is always a healthy growth. The second may or

may not be healthy. There will be a large immigration to us soon from other states and territories and from other nations. To make such accessions of population an integral part of ourselves, we must fuse these different elements into one living mass, that they may act together in a common cause. This is a difficult process and not always successful; when not, it is always hazardous. Growth from an internal life outward always secures the conditions of unity.

“What is true of the membership is true of the ministry of our church. An imported ministry must possess some superior gifts over a home-born one. These gifts enhance the value of such a ministry, which puts them beyond our reach, for the majority of our churches are not rich. It is a serious question after all whether an imported ministry has the elements of as much usefulness as one that is the outgrowth of the church from an internal life. I think it is a settled principle in the history of a live church that its most useful laborers have been the outgrowth of the church. Under the Old Testament church the tribe of Levi were consecrated to the priesthood. Under the New Testament church the Holy Ghost selects from a royal priesthood, a chosen generation. Christ made His selection from the common people. The Holy Ghost working through these turned the world



upside down in thirty years. He chose the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, that no flesh should glory.

“Seeking and saving the lost is a practical work. Therefore only practical workers succeed. When God calls men and women into His vineyard, He has work to be done. When, like Saul of Tarsus, they put themselves into a waiting attitude, God will show them what He has for them to do, and how He means them to do it. Our standards define the qualifications for the ministry. Our practical duty as a Presbytery is to undertake the work of raising up the men to cultivate this opening field included in the nineteen counties in the bounds of our Presbytery. To enable us to enter upon this work, we have a property offered us by the Hon. George S. Park for a home for such a training school for ministers and Christian helpers.”

This paper was read and referred to a committee consisting of Rev. E. B. Sherwood, Rev. J. M. Crawford and elder John Maitland, to report at the spring meeting. Accordingly, at that time the committee reported that six months' experience had added to our conviction of the necessity of a training school for raising up Christian workers and ministers, and that now was the time to seize upon the offer of the Hon. George S. Park, who was there to verify the statements I had previously

made. Mr. Park then rose and tendered the Presbytery the hotel property at Parkville, Mo., a three-story stone buliding, 80 x 100 feet, with twenty acres on the bluff for a campus and eighty acres lying north of the village on the branch. The report was accepted and the committee continued. A vote of thanks was proffered to Mr. Park for his generous offer, but Presbytery was not prepared to avail itself of it then. This offer was the germ of Park College.

The germ was developed on this wise. At the union of the Old and New School Synods of Missouri at St. Louis in June 1870, I met the Rev. Professor John A. McAfee. During his address before the united Synod on the importance of a Christian college, I said to myself, "I have found my man." Professor McAfee was the first minister I had met in Missouri whose views sympathized with mine on the importance of a Christian college. At the close of his address I sought him out and gave him my hand and my heart. From that day, to his death, our hearts were one on the subject of Christian education. Not many weeks after this synodical meeting I met Dr. Samuel Irvin of Highland, Kansas, who was in search of a professor for Highland University. I gave him the name of Professor John A. McAfee. He wrote and secured him for Highland. He remained there

five years and did what no other professor had done for them. He brought the University to such a position that the Board of Trustees called a president and elected a full faculty. Professor McAfee was given the Greek chair, with such restrictions that he could not accept it, and his work there ceased.

Learning that he had closed his work at Highland, I wrote him that I had a place for him at Parkville and told him of the offer of Mr. Park. After the passage of several letters, a meeting was arranged for the 29th of March, 1875. The Hon. George S. Park and Dr. John A. McAfee met for the first time. It was with great pleasure that I brought these two gentlemen together. God had given Mr. Park the means and Dr. McAfee the training to use the means tendered by Mr. Park. They were not long in settling the preliminaries. The name was settled first:

“PARK COLLEGE FOR TRAINING CHRISTIAN WORKERS.”

Professor McAfee was to take immediate possession of the hotel property, and with it, lands for garden and farming and fruit from the orchard for family supplies. Mr. Park donated \$500 to enable Professor McAfee to change his location from Highland to Parkville. These were the men whom God had raised up to found a Christian college in Missouri. They were both baptized by

Dr. David Nelson, Dr. McAfee in infancy, Mr. Park at his conversion. Dr. Nelson had impressed both these men with his self-denying, Christlike example in educational efforts for the worthy poor. Little did Dr. Nelson think while baptizing John A. McAfee in infancy or George S. Park in his majority that he was baptizing the men who would take up and carry out the plan that lay in his own heart and train the worthy poor youth as ministers and teachers for the increasing millions of the valley of the Missouri!

When God wants workers, He takes them from the classes He designs to benefit. When He wanted a man who would furnish a home for such a school as the youth of Missouri demanded, he put it into the heart of George S. Park, a youth of sixteen years, to leave his home in Vermont on foot in the winter of 1827, and thus make the entire journey to the state of Illinois. On reaching that state, he cast about for something to do. A school opened to him. He entered it and taught through the term. He learned one thing, to wit, that he needed more education. Hence he entered Jacksonville College and pursued its course until he completed its junior year. Wanting a change, he took a hand in the conflict for Texan independence. He was in the hottest of the fray in the bloody scenes of those terrible days. In the Goliad mas-

sacre he was one of three who escaped with their lives. Returning from Texas, he stopped in Cal-laway County, Mo. Here he taught a school where he was converted under the ministry of Dr. David Nelson, was baptized and united with the Presbyterian church.

On the opening of the Platte Purchase for settlement, Mr. Park settled as a merchant at what is known as Parkville, and became an extensive land owner in Missouri and Texas, and later in Illinois. He was one of three male members who founded the Presbyterian church at Parkville. He built a parsonage, gave the lot for the church and \$500 to start the house of worship, and saw it finished. He next planned for the education of the youth and was in the midst of these plans when the border war troubles broke in upon them and drove him from his home for a time.

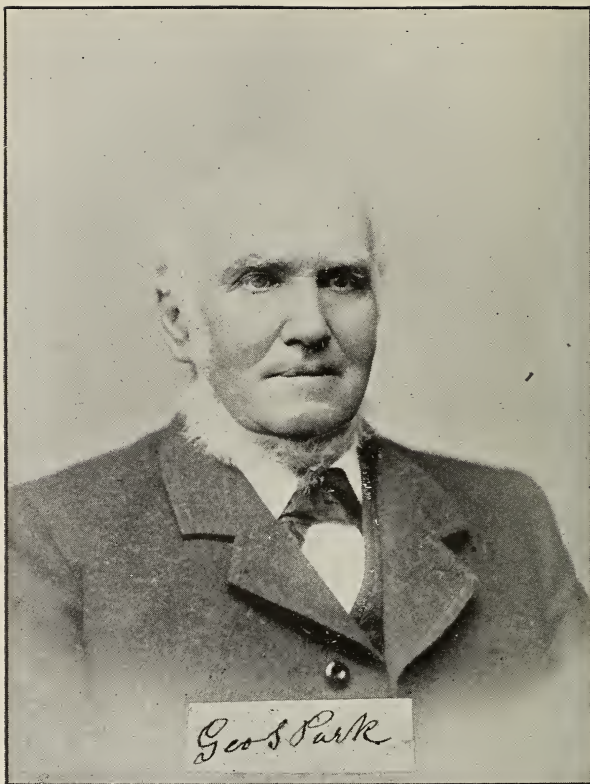
I was introduced to Mr. Park in 1866 when he was a candidate for the state senate, to which he was elected. I did not meet him again until the fall of 1872, when as Presbyterian missionary, two years after the death of their old pastor, Dr. John Moore, I was invited by Mr. Park to make his house my home in Parkville. With a smiling countenance he said that there was always a prophet's chamber in it. At my second visit the subject of our want of a Christian training school

came up. I soon discovered that I had found the man for whom I was looking, one who had a home for such a school.

We had to wait some three years before the one whom God designed to take possession of this home was ready to enter it. He was in training in the person of the Rev. Professor John A. McAfee. Born of Scotch-Irish parentage, baptized by Dr. David Nelson in the New Providence church, his early life impressed with the consecrated life of Dr. Nelson, trained by godly parents in the way he should go, circumstances seemed to have stamped his character as one that was set apart for God's work. He devoted himself to a thorough classical education and graduated from Westminster College, Fulton, Mo. As the question of his life work came up for settlement, it became more and more certain that John A. McAfee was to take up the work which Dr. Nelson had been compelled to lay down for want of sympathy and means to carry it forward. Professor McAfee soon entered upon his chosen work with a consecration that told that his whole soul was in it. God gave him a wife who was in full sympathy with him and was his efficient helper in all that was given him to do. They drew around them a choice circle of youth who under their training became useful ministers and teachers. Professor McAfee failed to enlist







men of means to aid him in a large effort until, in His own way and time, God brought him in contact with the right man. Little did I think, when I listened to those three sermons of Dr. David Nelson in Rochester, N. Y., in 1832, that he was dropping into my heart and brain germs whose growth would control my preparation for the ministry, direct my ministry for eighteen years in New York and ten years in Michigan, and bring me to Missouri when there was such a demand for a Christian college, and when there was needed a man to bring together the men whom God had been preparing to meet that great demand. It was my privilege to bring together the Hon. George S. Park and the Rev. Professor John A. McAfee on March 29th, 1875. It was the linking together of two grand men in one of the noblest objects that can occupy the heart and hand of Christian men.

Impelled by convictions and driven by the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, Professor McAfee gave his life with its best energies to devising methods and organizing agencies for reaching successfully the class of youth to which he had belonged. The plan he adopted was that of a well regulated Christian family. The name he gave it was, "Park College Family." The age fixed for entrance to this Family was sixteen. It was open to any youth who desired a classical education and

would honestly and faithfully manifest the disposition to use aright the opportunities afforded and would develop the capacity that promised usefulness in the church and the world. The object of Park College is to educate and develop each student so that he will act well his part in whatever sphere of life he is called to fill. The Family is a helper and feeder to the College. Every student who makes application for membership in the Family receives a circular in which its object is clearly stated in these words:

“Who are admitted?—1. Those to whom God has given a desire and purpose faithfully to study the Bible, receive its teachings and practice its precepts, and secure a training for efficiency in the service of the Lord. No amount of money, no appeal of sympathy or faithfulness in work will secure a place for one who does not faithfully seek the one object had in view here.

“2. Those who have entered upon, and will steadily pursue a full classical course of training.

“3. Those who will heartily engage in some manual labor each day and seek proficiency in any sphere given them to fill.

“4. Those who will seek daily to glorify God in work, study and a hearty and cheerful obedience to those who are over them in the Lord.

“5. Welcome the youth who eagerly desires a

development and a training for the Master's service. But those whose parents are unable to meet the necessary expenses should and must have such consent of parents as shall enable them to yield a cheerful and unhesitating allegiance to the family as its adopted children during the college course."

Prof. McAfee was put in possession of a place and means to inaugurate his family plan by the Hon. George S. Park in March 1875 in an unused hotel building in the village of Parkville, on the Missouri river nine miles above Kansas City. Beginning with seventeen moneyless but determined students, the work has grown to its present (1893) number of 335 and will continue to grow as rapidly as the Lord gives us means to provide rooms for students. There is no endowment for the Family. The Lord provides. The year from June 1892 to 1893 the Family received \$39,404.30 which was expended in table supplies, improvements, repairs, implements, buildings and all kinds of expenses for a family of over three hundred. Appeals are made by pen and press.

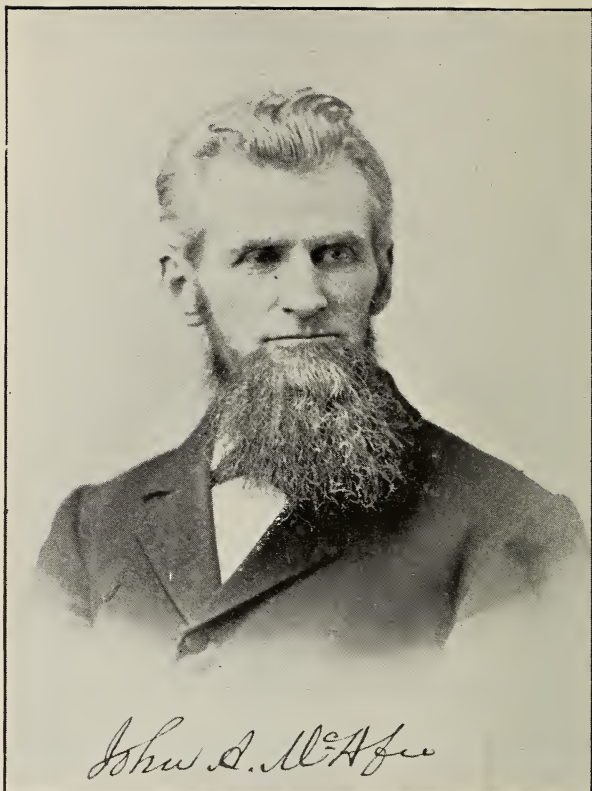
Why this success? The blessing of the Lord is a moving power in the hearts of all engaged in the work, resulting from the presence and power of the Holy Spirit honoring the constant and large use daily made of the Scripture. Devotional Bible study is the one supreme thought overreaching

everything else. It is simply feeding upon the inspired word of God, and letting it influence and control the motives and actions of all connected with Park College Family. Another reason for its success is the self-respect inculcated, fostered and cultivated in each student. Another is the devotion felt for their college home. All that enter there feel it has been a home to them during the years they remained there. Another reason is the entire dependence upon the grace of God and the faithfulness required of all connected with the Family.

These are the reasons why Park College is drawing students from Syria, Bulgaria, Spain, Germany, Scotland, England, Canada and other British provinces, as well as from a majority of the United States. Our students are in demand for the home and foreign mission work, and are already doing valiant service both in the Missouri valley and elsewhere.

On the 12th of April, 1875, Park College Family had possession of the home. The course of study was fully inaugurated. The system of work indoors and out on the farm was begun. Spring opened with promise; everything in garden and field was flourishing. Mysterious as it may appear, just at this time the grasshopper army put in their appearance. In an incredibly short time







there was nothing left that was green on the entire premises but a few tomato plants on the window-stools of the third story of the home of the College Family. Garden and farm all were swept clean. Here was a crisis to be passed. Who was to meet it? Providence seemed to indicate that I must undertake it.

I left home on the 8th of June to see what I could do among my friends in the state of New York. In a few days I sent back from Lockport, N. Y., a draft for \$40, \$20 of which came from T. T. Flagler, Esq. I spent my time until the first of November, about five months, in New York, where I found a few friends in every circle of my early acquaintances who contributed. Some gave money; some gave other help. So that crisis was passed. Dr. Knox of Elmira, N. Y., pastor of the First Presbyterian church, entered into sympathy with us and laid out a plan whereby I raised in his congregation \$160. Those months were not to be estimated only by the money and the goods obtained, which kept the Family in supplies. I raised up future friends who have given thousands of dollars to Park College Family.

An invitation to return to Michigan and spend a year in gathering a new church in North Kalamazoo, took me out of Missouri one year and three months. On my return to Missouri on the 20th

of July 1877, Professor McAfee wished me to return to the financial agency of Park College. I consented to give the remainder of the year to this work, visiting the states of Illinois and Kansas. I gave August and September to Kansas and to St. Louis and other points in Missouri where there was hope of doing anything for the young college. St. Louis gave us considerable help. Kansas City responded with money, lumber, nails and clothing.

I attended the meetings of Topeka Presbytery and of the Synod of Kansas and was kindly received. The Synod of Missouri met this year at St. Charles. I attended, and to my surprise was nominated for moderator and elected by acclamation. After Synod I visited the eastern portion of Missouri and passed over into Illinois. I found substantial aid at Jacksonville, Springfield, Bloomington, Winona, L'Ostant, Carrollton and many other places. Ten days were spent at the home of the Hon. George S. Park at Magnolia, Ill., in work on a charter for Park College in consort with Mr. Park, drafting and perfecting the same. It was submitted to competent judges and approved. This charter was brought forward by Mr. Park at the first commencement, June 1879. He had associated his daughter, Ella L. Park, now Mrs. George A. Lawrence of Galesburg, Ill., with himself. Also Rev. C. C. Kimball, D.D., Jonathan Ford, Timothy

Hill, D.D., J. W. Byers and P. S. Brown, Esq., of Kansas City; Rev. E. B. Sherwood, Rev. Henry Bullard and John De Clue of St. Joseph; James Marsh, M. D., of Liberty, Mo., and Rev. Professor John A. McAfee, Mrs. John A. McAfee and F. Kahm of Parkville as trustees. These trustees adopted the charter presented by the Hon. George S. Park (see Charter in Appendix). At the first meeting of the Board of Trustees under this charter, the following officers were chosen:

Rev. C. C. Kimball, D.D., President, Rev. E. B. Sherwood, Vice-President, Mr. Jonathan Ford, Secretary, Mr. J. W. Byers, Treasurer.

Advisory Committee: C. C. Kimball, E. B. Sherwood, John A. McAfee, Jonathan Ford, J. W. Byers.

At a called meeting of the Trustees of Park College on the 31st of May, 1882, the vice-president was called to the chair. The first business was the acceptance of the resignation of the President of the Board on account of change of residence. The resignation was accepted. On motion of Mr. John DeClue, Rev. E. B. Sherwood was chosen President. The next morning, June 1st, the Board met at 8 o'clock and proceeded to business preparatory to commencement duties. The degree of A. B. was granted to the thirteen graduates recommended by the faculty as entitled

to this degree. I signed the diploma of that graduating class, our fourth since the beginning, and every year since have had the same pleasant duty to perform. The class of 1893 brought up our alumni roll to 200. My name stands on the diplomas of 184 of these.

I am truly thankful that I am spared while so many co-workers have died. As a Board we have witnessed and aided the steady growth and the uprising of Park College until it is the banner college of our church in furnishing candidates for the Presbyterian ministry. While many colleges are soliciting students we have been compelled to turn away from one to two hundred annually for the last four or five years.

The friends of Park College have grown with its growth. The wants of the college have increased with our increasing members. According to our faith in the divine Lord who gave us Park College have our wants in buildings, lands, teachers and supplies been met. It was God's planting. Its growth is from an internal life outward. As long as its Board of Trustees, its faculty, its alumni and its students abide in Christ and His words abide in us, we may ask whatever will be for God's glory and the best interest of Park College and it shall be done for us.

Since our incorporation in June, 1879, four of

the incorporators have died. The first to be called away was that prince of Home Mission leaders, Rev. Timothy Hill, D.D., the vice-president of our board. He had accompanied his younger son to a new building that he was superintending. The son had occasion to be absent from the room where his father was looking over his morning mail. When he returned he found his father dead, his hand grasping the letter he was reading when the unseen messenger called him home.

The Hon. George S. Park died on the 6th of June, 1890, after a long and painful illness at Magnolia, Ill. His remains were brought to Parkville, attended by his widow, his daughter, Mrs. Ella Park Lawrence and her husband, George A. Lawrence, Esq., and his only grandson, Master Park Lawrence. After funeral services in the McCormick Chapel of Park College in which Dr. John A. McAfee, Dr. Henry Bullard and the Rev. E. B. Sherwood each took part, he was borne by a large procession to the burial place of his own selection in the cemetery of Parkville. After the coffin was deposited in the grave, the corporate Board, the faculty, alumni and students laid each a flower upon his coffin as a token of their respect for the man whose memory will live wherever Park College is known. Mr. Park had passed his 79th birthday, and hence was ripe in years and service.

This was a mournful beginning of our commencement for 1890. The Board of Trustees were in full attendance on Wednesday and Thursday. A large class had graduated. President McAfee had said his farewell as he passed to each graduate his diploma. The committee of the Board of Trustees to whom had been referred the report of President McAfee as to the state of the college, of which Mr. John De Clue was chairman, were highly pleased with the condition dispalyed. At the close of the commencement exercises Mr. DeClue came forward and read their report before the full house, recommending that it be received by a rising vote of the entire audience. The President of the Board put the question; the entire audience arose. The effect on Dr. McAfee was noticed by some. He was under necessity of seeking fresh air at the back door of the chapel before the audience was dismissed. That night there was an adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of Platte in the chapel, in which Dr. McAfee took an active part. His son met him at the chapel with a horse and buggy, with which the President drove to his house. Soon after he retired to bed but without relief. As the gates of day began to open on the 13th of June 1890, the college bell began to toll. As soon as I heard it, I said to my wife that I feared Dr. McAfee was dead. I had been with him a good



deal during the week. The preceding afternoon I had said to a friend, "I should not be surprised if he should drop off at any moment." I dressed and went out on the street, and met the President's son Lapsley coming to inform me that his father had died before midnight. Commencement week began with the burial of Mr. Park and ended with the death of my other co-worker in the beginning of Park College. They embalmed his body and appointed the Monday following for the funeral.

As president, I called a special meeting of the Board of Trustees to be held in Parkville on Monday, June 16th, at 11 o'clock. After organizing, I handed the secretary the following resolutions which were read and adopted:

"RESOLVED, by the Board of Trustees of Park College, That in Rev. J. A. McAfee D.D. we have an example of one, who though rich in natural and acquired endowments yet, for the sake of giving a Christian education to poor, deserving youth, he so knew the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he made himself poor that others might become rich in Christian training.

"RESOLVED, That in the prosecution of his self-denying work "his faith staggered not at the promises of God," for it mattered not how many obstacles appeared, yet his faith rose superior to them all, and he ceased not to wrestle in prayer.



“RESOLVED, As the Board of Trustees of a college that was begun in prayer and self-denial, and has been sustained by faith in God’s daily care, we do pledge anew our fidelity to the work to which we have been called. Trusting alone in God, we will labor to rear on the foundation already laid, a structure that will outlast the lives of its founders and bless the coming ages.

“RESOLVED, That with thanksgiving we learn of the determination of Mrs. McAfee and her sons to take up the mantle fallen from the husband and father, and stand in his place in the care of the family. We do hereby express our full confidence in them and their ability to successfully maintain the work.

“RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. McAfee and family, also that these resolutions be sent to our Church papers and the papers of Parkville, Kansas City and St. Joseph.”

The Board then adjourned and attended the funeral of President McAfee, acting as honorary pall-bearers. A mournful procession bore his body to the cemetery and laid it near where we laid the body of Mr. Park a week before. If flowers were the expression of affection for the departed President, surely he was much beloved.

In August, 1890, died another of our co-laborers

of the Board of Trustees, our secretary since our incorporation, Mr. Jonathan Ford of Kansas City, an elder in the Second Church. He is missed by the Board, missed in the college, and especially missed by the poor of Kansas City.

When the Board of Trustees of the College met in June 1892, the following communication was received from the faculty:

"To the Board of Trustees:

"In consideration of his long, valiant and successful service in the cause of Christ in the Presbyterian Church, and of his unwearied devotion to the affairs of Park College from its founding, the faculty of Park College recommend that the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity be conferred upon the Rev. Elisha B. Sherwood."

This recommendation was a surprise to me. No honorary degrees had been granted by the college, and the adoption of the recommendation was an added pleasure. In the afternoon of the same day notice came that the Highland University of Highland, Kansas, had conferred upon me the same degree. This was even more of a surprise to me than the first and was highly appreciated.

In conclusion, the writer of this sketch is truly thankful to the great Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, that he was counted worthy to be called to the services he has rendered on the skirmish line

which are herein portrayed. He is thankful for that drill which endued him with moral courage which feared not hard cases nor shunned hard places, for the armor of righteousness which enabled him to stand in the evil day, for the sword of the Spirit which has been his only weapon of defense, for the effectual fervent prayer which has availed much. Above all, he thanks the Father, Son and Holy Spirit for the gospel which he has been enabled to preach to the saving of precious souls.

## SERMON I.

Acts 1:8.—“Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth,”

The last words of a departing friend or a dying parent have a charm that impresses them upon memory and makes us delight to recall them. The text is the closing words of their ascending Lord to His sorrowing disciples. There are two thoughts in the text that are very precious: The promise of power from the Holy Ghost, and the assurance that they should be Christ's witnesses.

The power from the Holy Ghost was indispensable to qualify them to take up the work Christ had given them to do. Matthew designates it “teaching the nations.” Mark invests it with the authority of a command: “Preach the gospel to every creature.” Luke defines it as “preaching repentance and remission of sins in the name of Jesus among all nations.” Our Lord in the text calls it witnessing unto Him. Whatever name you give the work, it is great. Who is sufficient for it? The apostles were not. Notwithstanding, they had been

specially chosen for it, and by our Lord instructed and commissioned to undertake it. Said He to them: "You need a power which nothing but the Holy Ghost can impart to you; therefore tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." In the context they are commanded "not to depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father which, saith He, ye have heard of Me." "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

But there was one thing that had so taken possession of the apostles' minds that the "promise of the Father" was not appreciated. It was this: "Lord, wilt thou not at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" To which He replied, I have something better for you than the kingdom restored. It is not for you to know the times and seasons which the Father hath put in His own power. The Holy Ghost coming upon you shall be better for you than the restored kingdom. When He had spoken these things, while they beheld, Luke says while He blessed them, in the very act of imparting a blessing to them, He was parted from them and carried up into heaven. All their hopes of the restoration of the kingdom to Israel were now blasted. They were shut up to lay hold of the "promise of the Father."

They return to Jerusalem and gather in that

upper room and wait for the promised baptism of the Holy Ghost "not many days hence." They continue with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women. Day after day they tarry in that upper chamber, waiting on God. They stagger not at the promise of God through unbelief. They are strong in faith. They are fully persuaded that what God had promised He is able to perform.

The first day passed and there was no power. The second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth—and no answer yet. The seventh is the fortunate day in the Hebrew calendar. "Surely the Holy Ghost will come to us to-day," and the seventh was passed in prayer and supplication—yet no answer. "Wait thou only on God." They clung closer to the promise and would not let the angel of the covenant go. "When the day of Pentecost"—the fiftieth from our Lord's crucifixion and the tenth since His ascension—"was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting." We know not which of the disciples was praying when the answer came. We have often thought that it would have rejoiced us to have been in that meeting. It was a wonderful scene. There was nothing like it ever before. There has been no meeting like it since. Peter

looked up and saw on John's forehead a lambent flame of fire. John saw the same flame resting upon Peter, and as they looked from one to the other, there appeared "cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." The living God was in contact with those one hundred and twenty, Himself teaching and loving while they learned and loved. This truth was then and there illustrated, that God does work with men directly and specially, and that He does reveal Himself unto His children in such a manner that the humblest of them are wiser than the most learned of unregenerated men. It was there proved that the God of life does take His chosen ones into such relations with Himself that the soul is born again, new-formed, re-created.

Such was the power coming upon the disciples which prepared them to be witnesses for Jesus. They now "began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." What a change the coming of the Holy Ghost wrought upon these hitherto timid disciples! They were true witnesses unto Him. Beholding the power that had come upon them, the people were amazed, "saying one to another, "What meaneth this?" Others mocking said, "These men are full of new wine." Peter, standing up with the eleven, showed them that men



did not get drunk on new wine at nine o'clock in the morning. "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh." The last days spoken of by Joel have come, the Spirit is poured out. What you see is the result. He then demonstrated to them that Jesus was the Messiah and concluded his testimony with the words of the 36th verse of the second chapter of Acts: "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."

The thousands of the house of Israel could not resist such testimony. It pricked them to the heart and they "said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" This is the very Christ. His blood is on us and on our children. Then said Peter unto them, There is only one thing you can do, "repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." By being baptized in the name of Jesus Christ you confess your faith in Him as the Messiah. Thus accepting Christ, God will accept you as true penitents and will grant you remission of sins. As evidence that you are forgiven, you "shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost," the witness of the Spirit witnessing

that you are born again, created anew in Christ Jesus. As the effect of Peter witnessing for Christ, many gladly received the word and three thousand confessed Christ in the sacrament of baptism and were added to the church the same day. Such was the result of the first day's work for Jesus after the Holy Ghost had come upon them. The next recorded day's work gave them five thousand, and in less than thirty-three years they literally turned the world upside-down, so mightily did they witness for Jesus.

This leads us to this important truth: that power communicated to the one hundred and twenty on the day of Pentecost by the coming of the Holy Ghost upon them is just as essential to us as it was to them in order that Christ may now have a witnessing church. The coming of the Holy Ghost was the secret of their wonderful power in prayer and in the preaching of the word. The same power will give the same efficiency to those who witness for Christ that the apostles possessed. We use the word "essential" here understandingly. We mean by the statement that the power of the Holy Ghost is just as necessary to the constitution and existence of the church now as it was when our Savior spoke those last words to His disciples. Before the Holy Ghost came upon them they had no clearer ideas of the spiritual nature of Christ's

kingdom than Nicodemus had of the new birth. Even after our Lord had commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, what was their first question on being assembled with their Lord in this last interview with Him on earth? "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" Out of the abundance of their hearts they spoke. They were full of the subject of the restoration of the kingdom to Israel. The command not to depart from Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high had made no impression on their minds. They wished the Roman yoke broken and their Lord seated on the throne of David. Some of them were doubtless expecting a good place in His cabinet and others hoped for a foreign appointment. It was when their Lord went up on high that it first broke upon their minds that Christ's kingdom is not of this world. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." This great fact is confirmed in the experience of every natural man. The reason why the natural man does not receive the things of the Spirit of God is found in the fact that we are dead in trespasses and sins. Men are insensible to spiritual truths as dead men are to passing events. It is only when they are quickened by the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon them that they are raised

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out of their graves of sin and come to understand the truth as it is in Jesus. It is the Spirit that quickeneth. "Now we have not received the spirit of the world but the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given us of God; which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual." We witness for Christ only so far as the Holy Ghost has taught us. "Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all truth, for He shall not speak of Himself, but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak, and He will show you things to come. He shall glorify me, for He shall receive of mine and show it unto you."

Obedience to the truth as it is in Jesus is the first condition of knowing it. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." Saul of Tarsus was in great doubt whether Jesus was indeed the Christ. As soon as he submitted himself to Christ to do His will, he came to know the truth and the truth made him free. To know Christ and His resurrection became the master-thought of his master-mind. Christ so dwelt in his heart by faith that he was rooted and grounded in love and was able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height and to

know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge, that he might be filled with the fullness of God. It was this wonderful knowledge that enabled Paul to utter those precious sayings of the power of this glorious gospel, such as are found in the Acts and his epistles. For example: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The power of this gospel to save is limited only by want of faith. To him that believeth, all things are possible. This gospel not only possessed power to save, but gave Paul great peace with God and set him free from condemnation; for the spirit of life in Christ Jesus had made him free from the law of sin and death. This gospel bound him to Christ by a tie that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature" could sever. Such a living witness for Christ carried with him a power that convinced both Jews and Gentiles that it was "a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came unto the world to save sinners." It is such a practical knowledge of Christ that gives power to His gospel to-day. The Rev. George Muller, of Bristol, England, speaking of a certain period of his life, characterizes thus: "Since I came to know the Lord." What we want is to know the

Lord. We want to know the power of an indwelling God. We want so to live that friends and foes will know that it is the Spirit of God who speaks in us.

We need the power of the Holy Ghost not only that we may witness from a knowledge of Christ's work upon our hearts, but also to enable us to teach transgressors God's ways that sinners may be converted. The ministry should be the outgrowth of the church and in full sympathy with it. Consequently, a witnessing church will demand a witnessing ministry. Before we can help sinners out of the horrible pit and miry clay, our feet must stand upon the Rock of Ages. Hence the great number of ministers and Sabbath-School teachers who, while they teach transgressors God's ways, fail to lead them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. They know more of Sinai than of Calvary. The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost is the essential power that enables us to lead sinners to Christ. Hence the prayer of the Psalmist: "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit." From joys of salvation and the upholdings of God's Spirit comes that hope that maketh not ashamed.

We are not only to hear the word at God's mouth, but we are to give the people warning from



God. The charge is to speak with God's words unto them. We are not at liberty to say, "Thus saith the Lord," when we have drawn our sermons from German philosophy or have spun them out of our own vain imaginations. "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak it faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord. Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" There are those to whom the truth as it is in Jesus is a stumbling-block and to others it is foolishness. In the language of the Narrative of the State of Religion in the Bounds of the Presbyterian Church in the United States (1884): "In these skeptical times, when skepticism is in the air and when, to a degree that few of us are perhaps willing to admit, skeptical doubts are troubling the minds of vast numbers of the people, it behooves us who hold the truth of Jesus Christ to hold fast. It is no time for speculations, apologies and compromises. The Bible is the inspired word of God or it is not. If it is not, it is of no more authority to us than the Mohammedan Koran or the Hindu Shasters, and Jesus Christ and redemption, heaven and hell, are delusions and lies. But if it is, its revelation and doctrines are true and infinitely important. We believe it is, we know it is. And



we who preach its doctrines should preach them confidently, boldly, aggressively. It is to be feared that in some of our pulpits this is not done. It is to be feared that some of our preachers ignore the bone and sinew, the marrow and fatness, of the gospel and preach only or chiefly the glittering generalities of a sentimental religion that makes a mockery of the cross of Christ. And it is to be feared that some of our people have lost their love for and their faith in the glorious old saving doctrines of the gospel as they are embodied in our Confession and the catechisms, and so have lost all relish for them themselves and all desire to teach them to their children."

Where there is a disposition to let down the standard of Bible truth, it is evidence that such persons do not receive the truth in the love of it. We shall be saved through a belief of the truth. Those who are damned will be lost because they did not believe the truth. Those who in the end perish, do so because they receive not the truth in the love of it. For this cause God sends strong delusions to the rejectors of truth that they might be damned because they had pleasure in unrighteousness. The great inquiry, then, is, What is truth? Christ is the truth and the life. Let us believe, receive and confess Him that all His salvation may know. It is not sufficient to believe that

He was the best man that ever was born of a woman. We must believe that He was God as well as man, that He died for our sins and arose again for our justification, that "we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." "When the Comforter is come whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of me." "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God. And this is that spirit of anti-Christ whereof ye have heard that it should come, and even now already is it in the world." Yes, he is in the world. He has entered our pulpits, and through the press he lifts his hydra head. His coming is after the working of Satan with all power and "with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in all them that perish because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved." When a person lets go of the simple truth as it is revealed in the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, he knows not whither he may drift.

We are just in those times when the church needs power from above. It is marvelous how our best men have overlooked the true source of the church's

power. In the examination of candidates for the ministry, how many are ever asked the question, Have you been endowed with power from on high? Have you felt that power coming upon you that carries you out of yourself and above yourself, that gives the Word of God edge, that makes it prick men in the heart, that begets in you an agonizing spirit of prayer and enables you to wrestle with God until the blessing comes? In selecting your sermons, do you first go to God and get your ear so near His mouth that you hear what God speaks; and when you have a message from God do you deliver it as from God? If not, your thoughts may be very beautiful and your logic very clear and your rhetoric fine and men may praise your effort, but it will be powerless to save souls from the power of sin. Such should tarry in some upper chamber until they are baptized with the Holy Ghost.

Suppose Paul should meet the masses of enrolled church members and put the same question as to the members of the church of Ephesus as recorded in Acts 19:1—"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" How many would be compelled to give the same answer as the Ephesian members: "We have not so much as heard wheter there be any Holy Ghost." Is He not promised to all who repent and are baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins? Acts 2:38

—"In whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession unto the praise of His glory." Eph. 1:13, 14—"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" These are truths which Christians are supposed to know and witness to. Herein consists the power of the church: "as lively stones ye are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ," "in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

We see what is wanted to stay the tide of skepticism that is setting in upon our churches:

First, a ministry that has received power because the Holy Ghost has come upon it. There is nothing like the simple truth of the Scripture, spoken in the demonstration of the Spirit and power, to overcome the unbelief of the sinful heart and the power of sin in the world. The curse of the ministry is that for the last quarter of a century too many have been drawing their inspiration from German philosophy rather than from the word of God. We are now beginning to reap the fruits of such a philosophy. Many of our theological pro-

fessors are more or less tinctured with rationalism and are not prepared to denounce the incipient infidelity. A great number, especially of the younger ministers, are making their sermons on the literary models of Anglican and American preachers of high intellect, but more than questionable soundness. Thus straining to be intellectual, they vitiate the truth. They do not preach Christ Himself as our living Head, and His cross as the Spirit's cure for worldliness in Christ's church. By thus letting down the testimony of our Lord and avoiding the offense of the cross, there has come to be a strange mixing up of the church and the world in every conceivable form, as if it were the church's mission to attract the world to itself in all its worldliness, denying the deep difference between the church and the world, or that our Lord had ever said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The country is full of such preaching; but where is Christ? He is all but unknown as the Holy Ghost has revealed Him in the word of God. What kind of witnesses are such professors? And what deliverances from the power of sin can be expected where Christ is not known as a Savior from sin?

Secondly, we need a witnessing church, one that knows the truth and has experienced its saving power. We need a church whose faith does not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of

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God, a church that knows whom it has believed, that has passed from death unto life, a church that has presented its body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God which is its reasonable service, a church that is not conformed to the world, but is transformed by the renewing of its mind that it may prove what is that good and perfect will of God. Such a church is a commendation of religion that skepticism cannot resist. Such living witnesses to our religion will do more to convert sinners from the error of their ways than all the sermons ever drawn from German philosophy.

Ye shall have power. Has it come upon you? If not, wait for it. It is your privilege to have it. God gives it without measure. To him that believeth, all things are possible.

## SERMON II.

Luke 19:10—"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost,"

Our text is the reason why our Lord was the guest of Zaccheus. Jesus of Nazareth in His search for the lost, passed through Jericho. There was one, who was chief among a despised class, who had a strong desire to see Him. To gratify this desire, he climbed into a sycamore tree and seated himself upon one of the branches. When a person is in earnest to see Jesus, you will see him use just the means to accomplish his object. Christ knew his state of mind and looking up, said to him, "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." "And he made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully. And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That He was gone to be guest with a man that was a sinner."

As He entered Zaccheus' house, what a blessing He brought with Him! "This day is salvation come to this house," for this man is a child of the covenant; he is Abraham's son. This is my mis-



sion. "I am come to seek and to save that which was lost." Zaccheus was a lost man, but now he has salvation. He now acts like a new man. He did love money, was grasping after the world; he now divides with Christ and His poor. More: if anything that I call mine own was obtained by false accusation, I restore fourfold. They all murmured that He had gone to be guest with such a man. The Friend of sinners thought He was doing the very work for which He came into the world, to seek and save just such sinners as Zaccheus.

Prejudice against certain classes in society is a great barrier to doing good. If the Son of Man had to meet it in seeking and saving the lost, all that engage in like work will have like obstacles to encounter. It matters not how penitent a sinner may be or how much he is disposed to do right and make restitution for the wrongs he may have done, he has done thus and so, or she has done thus and this—we cannot receive them into our circle, they must not be admitted to our society. Why! they live in such a street; none of the better classes live in that part of town; they cannot maintain our style; they cannot pay pew rent in our church; they will be like pauper members if they come among us. There are others who say, Why attempt to build up churches among that class of

society? They will have to be carried by the boards of the church. We meet all this prejudice against the poor, and these distinctions that the "tony" ones would introduce into the church of the living God, with the words of the text: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

The question is this: Shall we leave men and women in their sins to corrupt themselves with their vices and sink deeper and still deeper into all the evils that sin and misery bring upon the human family, or shall we go to them with the gospel, the Sabbath School and God's appointed means, to lift them from the horrible pit and the miry clay and set their feet upon the rock and start them in the race for immortality and eternal life? We take the latter alternative decidedly. Our Lord made no distinction in persons. It was the lost whom He came to seek and save. It mattered not whether it was a paralytic who had to be borne of four, or he who had laid at the pool of Bethesda for thirty and eight years, or the leper who was by the law of Moses ceremonially unclean and so loathsome that he was shut out from society, or the adulterous woman taken in the very act, the blind beggar or the rich publican. His mission was to seek and save them because they were lost.

What is lost? The soul! In what sense is the

soul lost? Not the loss of existence. The sentence upon the first transgressors was, "Dying, thou shalt die." Death in sin is to suffer a living death. The rich man in hell, as he lifted up his eyes and called for water, gives us a literal idea of a death in sin. "Tormented in this flame," was his expression of it. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." Such is the loss of the soul whom Jesus is seeking to save. The loss is of *well-being*, the loss of the object of our being. What is the chief end of man? Not to get greenbacks, or bonds, and so on. It is "to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." To be lost is to be cast away as when a vessel is lost at sea, wrecked, stranded, sunk like lead in the mighty waters. To be lost is to be ruined, undone, utterly perish.

There are two ideas involved in the term "lost":

First, The loss of all the good that the soul is capable of enjoying in this life and also in that which is to come.

Second, The loss of pardon. Guilt is the unavoidable attendant of the sinner. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Pardon blots out sin and removes all consciousness of guilt and restores the life of God to the soul. The loss of the soul is the loss of this pardon.

It is the loss of holiness without which no man shall see God in peace. It is the loss of a crown

of glory, the palm of victory, of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away. To be lost is to be shut out of heaven, to be shut off from hope. It is the loss of all good and the endurance of all evil and misery which the soul is capable of suffering. Who can tell how much this is? We know that sin and misery are in close proximity to each other. Misery is the outgrowth of sin. They go hand in hand. No one knows what a soul endures in this world under the lashings of conscience and the corrodings of guilt. What a loss to be where there is no eye to pity, no cordial to relieve, no ray of hope to cheer, where justice and self-condemning guilt consign the lost soul to the perdition of the ungodly! Such is the loss of the soul. Dear hearer, the loss of your soul is your own loss, your own voluntary act. The terrible truth that will pierce the soul with the keenest anguish, is, I have destroyed myself! Who can calculate the loss of one soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul! It is an irreparable loss. A person may lose his health and by years of great care recover it again. He may lose property; years of toil and economy will restore it. He may lose friends, but others may be raised up to fill their places. But the soul—there is no replacing that loss. If Christ be lost to you there is no Savior for you. What a loss, not for a life-time,

not for a century, but for eternity! It is this word eternity that makes hell so terrible and heaven so desirable.

The mission of Christ is to save us from all that is terrible in hell. He saved Zaccheus and showed his sympathy for him by being a guest at his house. That He might seek and save us He came as the Son of Man. He was both God and man. As God He gave Himself a ransom for us. As the Son of Man He knows us and is in full sympathy with every lost soul. Though rich, for our sakes He became poor. Though the omnipotent God, He became as a little child. Thus He entered into all the relations of life that He might become a sympathizing High Priest. He came seeking and saving the lost. The soul of the poor beggar was just as precious to Him as the soul of Dives. Of the rich it is said, How hardly shall they enter into the kingdom. The rich young nobleman, when affectionately told by our Lord what he must do to inherit eternal life, turned away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. When the rich are professedly converted, they never do as much good as those who have been trained up from youth in the benevolence of the gospel. What did William B. Astor in his life time do for Christ? There is no record that he did anything for the Lord Jesus. His sons were unwilling that his name should be

lost and conceived the idea of building in Trinity Church an altar as a memorial that such a man once lived in the city of New York. Wm. E. Dodge will not need such an altar. He will live in the grateful hearts of thousands who have felt his influence for God. There is one difficulty in professed conversion of some rich men. They do not feel the necessity of taking their pocket-books to their baptism. Wealth thus consecrated may be used for the glory of God and for the spread of the saving knowledge of Christ.

It is the poor that receive the gospel as good tidings of great joy. But under the state of things which has been growing in many of our churches within the last twenty-five years, too many of the poor are shut out from the privileges of the gospel in all our towns and cities. I mean that system which demands the pew-rentals must sustain the running expenses of the congregation. This system puts every minister in a wrong relation to his people. What is the real question where the minister is held responsible for sustaining the running expense of the congregation? Dollars and cents, not the salvation of sinners. In the first place, he must please the people in order to draw. But the friendship of the world is enmity with God. The crowd said, Not this man, but Barabbas! In the second place, the system substitutes financial suc-

cess for a spiritual growth and the power of the Holy Ghost in the church. Christ did not say that ye should receive power after your minister has drawn a full house and every seat is rented. But, "ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Give me the power of the Holy Ghost and there will be no difficulty in running a church. In the third place, it deprives a minister of his office as an ambassador of Christ. An ambassador receives his instructions from the government that commissions him. He is in Christ's stead. Take up My mission where I left it when I went up on high. He is Christ's minister. He must go to Christ for a message. When he has put his ear so near to the mouth of Christ that he has received a message from Christ, let him speak as one who is commissioned from God. If he has a dream, let him tell it as a dream. Such is the minister who is in Christ's stead. Such an one in seeking the lost. How many ministers there are who act as if the word "seek" were not in the text! *Seek* the lost if you would save him. *Rescue* the perishing. Down deep in the human heart there may be some chords that sin has not destroyed. Go then where there is a lost one. Go in Christ's name and in His strength. If you save him there will be joy in the presence of the angels of God. Their joy will not rise and fall in propor-



tion to the greenbacks or bonds that he may have to his credit. Their joy is that a soul is saved, that another star is added to the crown and diadem of Jesus, that in another soul eternal life has sprung up. There are those who profess to be seeking to save souls who act as if none but the large fish are worth taking out of the gospel net.

What interest gathers around that scene where the penitent soul offers his prayer in broken accents for mercy. God rises from His royal seat and bends His ear to catch the first penitential utterance. Jesus is there, interceding with the Father. The Holy Ghost is there convincing of sin and of righteousness and of the judgment. Angels are there on poised wing ready to carry the welcome news that the dead is alive. There is no other point where such interest clusters. It is not asked whether he is rich or poor, but whether he is penitent. If penitent, then says Jesus, You are the one I am seeking; I am come to reconstruct you for heaven and glory. What a work Jesus does for that man! He was lost to his family, to society and to happiness. The Son of Man has saved him. Look at him now. He sits at Jesus' feet in his right mind. His wife rejoices, his children rejoice, his neighbors rejoice and exclaim, "Great is the work!" None but the Son of God could do such a work. Angels rejoice that it is done and all heaven

rejoices that another soul is saved through the blood of the Lamb. Such is the mission of the Son of Man.

As an ambassador of Christ I am here in His stead to seek and save the lost among you. It may be there are some dear children who want to be saved. Or there may be some one here who has an unsaved husband who feels that she has not done all she could to save him. Let me encourage all such in faith.

There is not an unsaved person in this congregation whom Jesus is not seeking to save and to do it now. He has saved some of your dear friends. They are before the throne of God, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Behold now is your time; now is the day of your salvation.

### SERMON III.

Matthew 9:24—"For the maid is not dead, but sleepeth."

Our severest and most relenting foe should be called by a soft name. The entrance of the king of terrors to any of our dwellings always brings the most appalling results. Yet when we are taught from the sacred Scriptures to look upon his most fearful ravages as a sleep, it mitigates much of the terror that this stern foe always brings. Consequently the writers of both sacred and profane history have united in designating death as a sleep. For example, the writers of the books of Kings and Chronicles in speaking of the death of the Kings of Israel represent them as sleeping with their fathers. Daniel (12:2) says that many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake. Our Lord, in the eleventh chapter of John's Gospel, speaking of the death of Lazarus, says "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." The writer of the Acts of the Apostles in recording the death of the first Christian martyr says that he fell asleep. These passages show how the word was used by

the sacred writers and will enable us to determine how it was used by Christ in the text. It cannot be supposed that Christ used it in a literal sense, for there is every evidence that the maid was dead. So confident of this fact were the friends and bystanders that when our Lord affirmed that the maid only slept, they laughed Him to scorn, supposing that He meant only the repose of the body. Christ acted upon the understanding that she was actually dead.

There was now presented an opportunity to overthrow the fallacy of the doctrine of the Sadducees who denied the resurrection of the body. The maid's father was a Sadducee. He looked upon the death of his daughter as the end of her being. She had ceased to be. Our Lord sought to remove from his mind this soul-chilling doctrine by the use of the term sleep. He sought to convey to this father's mind that death is but the repose of the body, that though there had been a separation of the soul and the body there was not the destruction of either, that by a word He could awake the body to life as a word would arouse the sleeper to a state of consciousness.

The meaning, then, of this interesting passage is this: Our deceased friends have not ceased to exist. Though their bodies are dead, their spirits live and their bodies sleep in hope of resurrection.

The two points that I call you to contemplate on this occasion are, the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body.

I. Mankind of all ages have believed the truth that the soul is to live beyond this state of being. The reasons of this belief were not clear nor well defined by ancient philosophers. Yet the belief existed with them. They looked upon the soul of man as a mighty river, the track of which they could follow from region to region and from land to land, but which at last enters into some deep and embowered wood. The wood was so thick and the forest so dense that they could follow it no further, but they knew that the river continued its course by its furious roar. The heathen could trace the soul of man to the death of the body. They could go no further in their observations. But when it entered that bourne from whence no traveler returns, they saw enough to convince them that its existence must run on through endless ages. They reasoned thus: The only wise God never acts without reason and design worthy of Himself. Is it conceivable that He would have made man so wonderful, so stupendous in his capacities and powers, if He had not intended that he should exist longer than three score years and ten? Would the vessel have been so richly freighted if He, who was the maker of that vessel and its

freight, had determined it should become a total wreck as soon as it had sailed across the stream, the narrow stream, of time? Pagans could not believe this.

If the spirit of man is not immortal, why this strong desire of perpetuity among men? What mean those ancient piles erected over the dust of the great who have lived? Why do you see on the stones that mark the place where our loved ones sleep those memorials engraved? Is this not an indication of man's belief in immortality? No one, however humble his station, wishes to be forgotten. No one wishes to be blotted out of being.

Again there is the desire after endless existence. And do you think that He who formed us would have given us this desire after a thing while that thing itself is altogether deceptive and unreal? In addition to this, we all know from what we feel in ourselves that this cannot be the native region of the soul, that this world is not the home of the soul, that here it does not find anything congenial to its nature or that is equal to its cravings and capacities. It was obviously formed for a good that this world does not contain. It seeks for a higher and nobler state—immortality.

Let me ask the man who denies the immortality of the soul whether he knows that it is not immortal. Has he ever demonstrated that fact that he

is to cease to be and cease to think? Has he ever looked behind the curtain that separates between time and eternity and there seen the inhabitants of past ages reposing alike in one eternal sleep, or does he know that the spirit of man goes downward with that of the beast? Till such have traced the wondrous flight of the spirit as it leaves the body and have demonstrated to the world by as many incontestable truths that it ceases to be as those upon which immortality rests, we shall still believe in the consoling doctrine of the soul's endless existence.

What an overwhelming and yet consoling thought, that we are always to be; that we have commenced an existence that is commensurate with eternity, that the soul shall live when all created things shall die! For this truth well defined and fully established we are indebted to the Holy Scriptures. They have brought life and immortality to light. They chase away the gloom of the grave and assure us that beyond it there is a world wherein dwelleth righteousness. They reveal to us this consolation: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, said the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." They enter into a state of rest at death. They are blessed at death. From henceforth, saith the Spirit. Jesus Christ



assured the penitent thief as he hung upon the cross that that day he should be with Him in Paradise. Then from that day he was blessed. Paradise, we understand to be the blissful state of sanctified souls. On that day he should be with Him in Paradise, the home of sanctified souls.

The apostle John in the vision of glory that he saw on Patmos was permitted to look into heaven and learn the state and employments of those who are counted worthy to enter through the gates into the celestial city. In speaking of those who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, he tells us they are before the throne of God and serve Him day and night. The congregation never breaks up; the Sabbath has no end. It is one ceaseless round of the worship of God.

Perhaps there is no passage in the Bible that more clearly establishes the existence of the soul after death than that found in the sixteenth chapter of Luke in the account of the rich man and Lazarus. Whatever else this passage proves or does not prove, it establishes beyond a doubt that the spirit of both the righteous and the wicked enter immediately upon a future state of being and that they are happy and miserable in that state according as they have been righteous or wicked in this world. "And it came to pass that the beggar died and was

carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." The Jews had no doubt but that Abraham was in Paradise. To say that the beggar was in his bosom was the same as to say that Lazarus was in heaven. "The rich man also died and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." He had a distinct recognition of Lazarus. He also retained the power of memory, for Abraham called upon him to remember some thing, to-wit, that in this life he received his good things and Lazarus his evil things; now Lazarus was comforted, and he was tormented.

Is not this clearly in accordance with the principles of God's mortal government? "Say to the righteous that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings." But "woe unto the wicked it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given unto him."

Both reason and revelation establish the future existence of the soul, that it has entered upon an eternal state, that it is to live and sing as angels do or it is to suffer the wrath of God forever, and that these tremendous results are suspended upon the moral characters that we form in this world. With the righteous it shall be well. He has a character that fits him for the society and employment of heaven. He is prepared to praise God

and the Lamb. With the wicked it is ill. His character fits him for no other state.

II. We are taught that the bodies of our deceased friends sleep in hope of the resurrection. The spirit, disenthralled from the body, we have seen is active in the spirit land. The body is no less under the watchful care of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. He, having risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept, has given the assurance that as death has passed upon all because all have sinned, so the resurrection power shall be imparted to all that sleep. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at His coming." "For the Lord Himself shall descend in the clouds of heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God;" and "all that are in the graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." It matters not where we sleep or where our friends may repose; whether in sculptured marble or beneath the cold clods of the valley, or whether the deep blue waters have sung your requiem as they have rolled their mountain waves over your coral bed, or whether you lie beneath

the polar snows of Siberia or are covered by the burning sands of Africa, or whether you fall where no kind hand may present itself to convey your body to the grave and your body is left to return to dust and your bones to bleach beneath a tropic sun—wherever you are, God will watch over all your dust till He shall bid it rise. “For this corruption must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.” Death, the last foe, will then have been conquered and the soul reunited with the body will enter upon the scenes of the judgment, to meet the favor or frown of its Judge.

Why then should the Christian fear the sleep of death? It is a blessed sleep from which none ever wake to weep. When the Christian shall awake in the morning of the resurrection, he will have done with all weeping. All tears shall be forever wiped away. There is no sickness, no dying, in that better land.

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,  
Ear hath not heard its deep tones of joy,  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
Far beyond the cloud, and beyond the tomb,  
It is there.”

Death is the gate through which the Christian enters the better land. Why then dread to enter there? Jesus hath tasted death. He hath lain in the grave and He hath triumphed over it. So if we sleep in Him, we, too, shall triumph over death and the grave. For "when He who is our life shall appear, we shall also appear with Him in glory."

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God;  
And flesh and sense no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

We see that this subject is full of consolation to those who are called to bury friends. And who hath not lost a friend? There is no threshold so sacred that this insatiate foe dare not enter. Whose heart hath not bled as we have seen death with fatal dart pierce our loved ones? Death may strike them down. He may paint his pallid features on their once rosy cheeks. Yet after all that he does, he has only laid them down to sleep. Our Lord and Savior will spoil him of his prey and chain him to His triumphal car. Therefore when our friends close their eyes in death, let us not look upon them as having ceased to exist. If they have left behind them a hope that centered in the Lord Jesus Christ and have purified their hearts and brought forth good fruits, then have they only ceased from labors here below to enter upon a more exalted

state above. Let us believe that He who is the Resurrection and the Life will watch over their dust and ere long adorn it with incorruption, and, reunited with the soul, it will enter upon a participation of the glories of heaven. Death looked upon thus will be the grave of our sorrows and the gateway to the skies.

## APPENDIX.

Following is the charter adopted by the Trustees at the first meeting.

### CHARTER OF PARK COLLEGE.

I. Know all men by these presents, that we, Geo. S. Park, &c., do hereby agree to form ourselves into a body corporate according to the Constitution and Laws of the State of Missouri, to be known as the "Board of Trustees of Park College," located at or near Parkville, Missouri, to consist of not more than twenty-five members. As a body Corporate they shall have perpetual succession, and a common seal. They shall have full power to manage the institution, to receive gifts of money, property, &c., to preserve, to secure and appropriate them according to the provisions of this Charter, and the will of the donors, for the use of Park College. They shall devise means and take measures to endow the institution in all its departments.

The principles of the College shall be non-sectarian, but evangelical, imbued with the spirit of Christian liberty and charity.



The object of this Corporation shall ever be to diffuse knowledge, moral and religious principles, in the most practical and effectual manner; to afford the advantages of training and education to the youth of both sexes of the West and Southwest, to give especially facilities to youth found worthy and not having sufficient means, who may be inured to hardship, acquainted, and in sympathy with the people among whom they are to live and labor, to obtain an education by labor, or otherwise; thus offering a safe and unlimited opportunity to the patriotic and benevolent to assist in this great work, by their donations and endowments.

II. 1st. To secure the above objects, there shall be daily Bible readings and expositions, with lectures and practical training for evangelical work, especially adapted to those who propose to devote their lives to such work in the various forms of preaching, lecturing and teaching.

2nd. There shall be Normal Sabbath School instruction, concentrating and applying the daily Bible readings and lecturing in the form of a model Sabbath School, fitting students for their work. This work shall include instruction as to the best methods of approaching and interesting children and youth in the subject of religion, accompanied by weekly reports of those students practically engaged in Christian labors of their most successful

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methods, together with the passages of Scripture best adapted to reach individual minds.

3rd. There shall be a full course of instruction in Science, Literature, and Art as taught in the best Colleges as far as the funds will permit.

4th. In the Male department there shall be taught agriculture, business management, skilled labor and practical wisdom.

5th. In the Female department, in addition to any of the previous course of study they may select, or the faculty prescribe, there shall be taught household and domestic duties, and management, and culinary arts, accompanied with regular practical and skilled labor and wise arts required in American homes. This practical work is designed to benefit the College and the students. The males by farm, garden and culinary arts, contribute largely to their own support while gaining knowledge of the useful pursuits of life, and more perfect health.

It is designed to educate by practice, training and doing, as well as by teaching, and these departments of skilled labor, science, literature, and art, shall be under the supervision and direction of the most competent instructors that the funds of the College will permit the Trustees to employ.

III. 1st. The Board of Trustees shall have power to fill vacancies that may occur in the Board

of Trustees, by death, resignation, refusal to act or otherwise, or to remove from office, and appoint in their place, any Trustee, the President, or any member of the Faculty, or agent, for misconduct, or failure to do duty, or undue neglect of the interests of the institution.

2nd. The Board of Trustees are hereby forbidden to contract any debts against the corporation, or to mortgage the property of the College proper, or to do any act to erect a lien upon or incumber any property given, or purchased or vested in it in trust or otherwise, but shall hold inviolate all furniture, stock, assets, lands, buildings, moneys, or endowment funds, professorships, scholarships, or other funds, preserving them in perpetuity, using only furniture, stock, lands, and buildings, and the interest of the funds, handling them down to their successors forever; and all claims against the above-named property or corporation shall be void in law; and any trustee voting or acting against this provision of the Charter, or any other officer or agent, shall not in any way legally bind the Board of Trustees or the institution. They have superceded their authority and can only assume individual and personal responsibility, and the Record of this Charter in Platte County, Missouri, shall be legal notice thereof to all.

3rd. The Board of Trustees shall have oversight, approval and direction of all endowment funds, of all real estate and personal property, and of all loans made of them. They may invest in United States bonds with interest payable semi-annually, or they may loan on unencumbered real estate, with a clear transcript of title and if buildings are included in the valuation, such buildings must be insured, and the insurance assigned, valued in cash at more than double the amount, taking also good personal security with it, and a mortgage or deed of trust with power of sale in default of any payment of principal or interest when due, and no member of the Board shall be received as security of the Treasurer or for loans of the funds of the Corporation.

4th. It is the earnest desire of the friends of this institution that it be established and built up by wisdom, and stand forever, and go on improving like the older institutions of Europe and America. To accomplish this purpose it is suggested that the Board of Trustees look most critically into the way things are going, and make wise provisions for future contingencies; if any Trustee neglects such care and caution request him to resign and appoint another. It is a positive wrong to be indulgent to incapacity or inefficiency, to idleness, wastefulness or any other unfitness. Let the eyes of these guard-

ians pierce every nook and corner and thereby insure wise and skilful management of the Institution. Let them provide the best instructors and make the best provisions for the institution their funds will permit, going no futher. Let them stop all leaks, stir up the indolent, get honest work done, and make purchases as far as practical, when prices are lowest, for, "There is a time to get." In summer prepare and lay up for winter. Let them secure every trust, promptly discharge every trustee, officer, agent or employee, and have the business, work and instruction done by as few men and at as small a cost as possible, consistent with the true interests of the institution, without favor or partiality, remembering that the Lord's work be done better than our own.

5th. The Board of Trustees also shall have power to take any measures or do any acts they may think proper for the interests of the College not forbidden in this instrument. They may appoint agents to canvas for funds, they may sell and convey by deed or otherwise any outlying lands or personal property except those lands and personal property used by the institution in or near Parkville, Mo., which are to be preserved in perpetuity.

6th. The Board of Trustees may appoint an advisory committee, who, with the Faculty, shall

have the general control and supervision of the College *ad interim*, subject to the approval of the Board and in consistency with the provisions of this Charter and the By Laws that may be enacted.

The Rev. John A. McAfee in consequence of his unwearied labors and ability as an instructor of youth is hereby declared the permanent President of the College. He, and his successors in office shall make a report annually or oftener if required, to the Board of Trustees of the conditions and progress of the College.

7th. The Board of Trustees shall meet at the College on Tuesday, the 24th day of June, A. D. 1879, and thereafter, each year at such times as they may decide. They may adjourn from time to time till they have a quorum. The President of the Board may, and at the call of five members shall, call a meeting of the Board at any time, giving ten days' notice of such meeting in writing, to each member, addressed to his P. O.

A majority of all the members shall constitute a quorum. At the first meeting, such quorum being present, they shall at once proceed to elect a President of the Board, a Secretary and Treasurer, and such other officers, agents and Faculty as the means of the College will permit.

They shall keep full records of all proceedings of the institution and shall make an annual report to the Board, or oftener if required.

The Treasurer shall give collateral and personal security in more than double the amount that may come into his hands and give additional security from time to time as the Board may require. He shall only pay out money on order of the Board, and he shall make an annual report of the moneys received and paid out and on hand, and the financial condition of the institution, or oftener if required.

8th. The Board of Trustees shall have power to frame a code of By-laws, also adopt the Curriculum of Study, and change the same in any manner not inconsistent with this instrument, and grant upon recommendation of the Faculty, Literary and Honorary Degrees.



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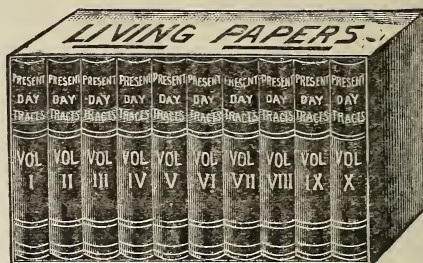
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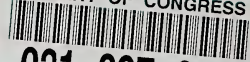
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